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## Notes of the Week

THE possibility (at the time of writing it cannot be stated as more) of Mr. Churchill being invited by the local Conservative Association to stand as Parliamentary candidate for the Abbey division of Westminster, opens up a vista of possibilities into which, for the moment, we do not too closely peer. It is enough to say that while the choice of a candidate is entirely a matter for the electors of Westminster, an invitation to Mr. Churchill to represent an essentially Unionist constituency would be a gesture of immense importance; it would be an intimation to all men of faith and goodwill who are aware of the dangers of Socialism and who are prepared to stand by the elements of law and order, that a petty and partisan spirit will not be among the obstructions they are likely to encounter, at any rate from Conservatives. Mr. Churchill is at the height of his powers; he has rendered conspicuous services to his country, and his enlistment as a prominent factor in the Opposition could not fail to strengthen the causes which all sound Conservatives have at heart. We understand that while the official Conservative organization is standing entirely aside in the matter of the Westminster nominations, the attitude of the leaders of the party towards Mr. Churchill is a sympathetic and cordial one.

### THE OPPOSITION AT WORK

On Thursday last, for the first time in the history of the present Government, the Opposition was able to exercise its true function with something like the old force and dignity. Mr. McNeill was both pertinacious and searching in his pressure upon the Prime Minister with regard to the amazing statement of Mr. Henderson, the Home Secretary, concerning the Government's attitude towards the Versailles Treaty. It is difficult to exaggerate the mischief that might have been caused by this unfortunate lapse if the Opposition had not insisted on a statement, clear beyond all possibility of misrepresentation, that Mr. Henderson spoke for himself alone, and that the Government had no intention of tampering with the Versailles Treaty. Mr. McNeill is once more to be congratulated on his for-

midable and trenchant attack, no less than on the restraint displayed on the Opposition benches the moment their object had been attained. That object, we need hardly say, had nothing whatever to do with the Burnley election, but with interests of infinitely greater magnitude.

### A BLAZING INDISCRETION

As a blazing indiscretion, that of which the Home Secretary was guilty at Burnley is surely a record. For he not only demanded the complete revision of the Versailles Treaty, but implied that the Government would undertake it. This is the real point. It would have been bad enough for a man holding his high position in the Cabinet to make the demand, but it might have been explained away as an expression of personal opinion. When, however, he went on to say that the Cabinet would try to effect the revision, he was uttering what in France and throughout Europe could only be regarded as a definite statement of the Government's policy. And Mr. MacDonald had just been making such fine gestures to France, who stands for the treaty! Mr. Henderson cannot plead that he is new to office, or knows not what Ministerial responsibility is. Mr. McNeill was perfectly right in pressing this matter in the House, and the angry resentment shown by Mr. MacDonald was simply ludicrous considering that Mr. Henderson was entirely to blame for the whole affair.

### THE POPLAR SQUIB

The great attack on the Government's Poplar policy fizzled out on Tuesday in what we cannot help regarding as a rather poor performance, both on the part of Liberals and Conservatives. Mr. Wheatley, on the other hand, increased his reputation as an expert in debate and a parliamentary gladiator. This is a kind of creature for whom we have a very limited respect. The ability to explain things away, to make black appear white, and wrong right, is a gift the value of which to the State can be greatly exaggerated. Poplar, if only it pleads guilty, is to be forgiven all its offences; the whole of the poor law question is to be investigated; "and so we go on and on and on," etc.

## TWO ELECTIONS

The Burnley election has been fought, in the Socialist interest, by two rather different persons who bear the same name and use the same voice, but who differ on such little incidentals as the Versailles Treaty. On the Conservative side there has at any rate been consistency. But the voters of Burnley, restricted to a choice between Mr. Henderson the Home Secretary, Mr. Henderson the freelance, and the unambiguous Mr. Camps, must have felt a good deal of envy as there was revealed the prospect of something for every taste in the Abbey election. There must be politicians without a seat whose names have not appeared in any of the lists of probable candidates; it is not easy to think of many. Nor can we readily call to mind any possible regrouping of the elements of the Abbey electorate which has not been reckoned upon by some aspirant. All of which is amusing, but the interests of the country require that elections should be straight fights with results which cannot be misunderstood.

## NAVIES AND DISARMAMENT

Absolutely no progress was made by the Committee of the League of Nations on Naval Disarmament which sat last week at Rome. On the contrary, both Russia and Spain showed that what they wanted was not a reduction but an increase in their navies; Russia, indeed, said that it was her intention to have a fleet of 400,000 tons. Despite our pacifist Government, the world is arming and tends to arm more and more. But perhaps the most striking comment on the naval situation and on the work of the Rome Committee is found in the statement of Signor Mussolini to the Italian Admirals on Tuesday to the effect that he was determined to increase, steadily if slowly, the efficiency of the Italian navy in order that it should be ready for any emergency. So much for naval disarmament! Mussolini, at any rate, has no illusions about it.

## WE WANT EIGHT!

According to the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. MacDonald was called upon to defend his cruiser programme at a meeting of the Labour Parliamentary Party on Tuesday, and had to make a strong speech which was ill received by its pacifist members, but won for him a large majority. By this time everybody is well aware that neither the Labour Government nor the Labour Party is exactly a happy family, and if their differences unmistakably indicate a short, if not a merry, life for the Government, they as infallibly suggest hesitations, fumbings and compromises where there should be nothing of the sort. Five cruisers are certainly better than three or four, or none for that matter, but the fact remains that in the view of the Admiralty, to which the Baldwin Government gave expression, eight cruisers are absolutely needed to keep the Navy up to its already greatly reduced strength. Are we to have the same fumbling, ineffective action regarding air defence? If so, the sooner the nation is roused to a feeling of insecurity under this Government the better. It is the Conservatives alone who will give it security.

## LORD OLIVIER AND INDIA

Lord Olivier's statement to the Lords on Indian affairs contained so many passages remarkable for sound sense that we are reluctant to criticize its weaknesses. It is necessary, however, to point out that he was not emphatic enough in dismissing the absurd demand in India for a round-table conference on the present constitutional experiment. He has discouraged it, but he should have made it perfectly clear that the British Government are implacably opposed to a demand so premature, so offensively urged, and so certain, if allowed, to result in bitter disagreement. But

Lord Olivier's most serious error, though this, we admit, is not peculiar to him or his Party, is in assuming that the constitutional experiment can be kept going on something like its present lines till 1929, when its thorough examination becomes due.

## A DOOMED CONSTITUTION

A handful of Indian politicians, representing only two per cent. of the people, and agreed on scarcely anything but hostility to Great Britain, cannot be made judges of the constitutional experiment in India. But neither can the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme be worked very much longer. Every one of the pious assumptions on which it was based has proved false. So far from moving towards nationhood, the peoples of India are more divided to-day than before by religious and other animosities. The political training promised by the transfer of departments to quasi-popular control has turned out a sham, for Indian Ministers are naturally judged less by their handling of the secondary matters of which they have charge than by their attitude to the primary matters for which they are not responsible. The Indianization of most of the Services has gone faster than was expected or is by any sane person desired. The hands of the British Government must not be forced by Indian agitation, but they will be forced by events—not sensational events, but petty, continuous, intolerable failures in the daily work of governing India.

## THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE BILL

Lord Darling's maiden speech in the House of Lords on the Criminal Justice Bill was like a breath of fresh air in the somewhat stuffy atmosphere of that Chamber. He has the invaluable gift of making commonsense entertaining. Although we are in general agreement with the broad lines of this measure, especially with regard to increased penalties for motor hooliganism and to the one-sided theory of marital coercion in criminal matters, we consider that in its details the Act should be very carefully scrutinized. This necessity applies especially to the suggestion of increased powers to be given to amateur judiciaries.

## THE SOCIALISTS AND BANKING

The doctrine of collective responsibility would seem to be very liberally interpreted by members of the present Government, and the Home Secretary may not be alone in recommending a policy discountenanced by the Premier. The Under-Secretary for Air may also have been indulging a merely personal whim in his demand for a State Bank with branches directed by the municipalities in which they would be situated. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may not be quite so sure as his henchman that banking is "highly profitable, safe, easy, and straightforward." But the official policy of the Government in regard to this among other matters remains conjectural. The one thing certain is that amateur banking would speedily complete the ruin of national prosperity.

## THE LUDENDORFF TRIAL

Whether the trial of Ludendorff and Hitler for high treason now proceeding at Munich is a mere farce, as some say, or is seriously meant, as others state, it is difficult to avoid seeing about it a certain posing and theatricality which casts some doubt on the true object of the prosecution. Popular sympathy in Bavaria goes out to Ludendorff. And the anxious question is, what will be the reaction of Germany as a whole to the trial? Will it increase the swing to the Right that for months past has been so marked a feature of German politics? Though the general situation in Germany is better than it was, the political situation is again obscure, and no one can say with confidence what may not happen any day in the Reichstag, now in session after its virtual suppression, and not on good

terms with the Marx Government. Yet, with the findings of the Expert Committees about to be published, what Germany needs above everything is a stable Government with the power to act on their findings.

#### M. POINCARÉ'S POSITION

Having been successful in the Senate as well as the Chamber, M. Poincaré is in an assured position, probably till the elections in May. His opponents, notably M. Briand, predict more and more confidently that he will be defeated then, but meanwhile his hands are again free, and we shall soon see whether or not there is any real change in his policy. That there is some change in France is undoubtedly true, and the fresh fall, after a recovery, of the franc ought to emphasize it. Further, the resignation of the Belgian Government on its defeat regarding the ratification of the Franco-Belgian economic agreement, will also embarrass M. Poincaré. Rumour and speculation have been active regarding the reports of the Expert Committees which will soon be presented. Not till that occurs can it be known just where M. Poincaré stands and the precise situation be disclosed.

#### WHAT ABOUT JUBALAND?

With the ratification of the treaty between Italy and Yugoslavia, the Italian forces have evacuated Baross and the delta, Fiume is definitely Italian, and trains are again running between Fiume and Zagreb (Agram) in Croatia. The relations of the two countries are now very friendly, and this will have the effect of reducing the tension in Macedonia, where the Bulgar and other Minority elements have hitherto had the covert support of Italy, as against the Serbians. This fact rather discounts the current reports of impending trouble between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Anglo-Italian relations would be sensibly improved by a settlement respecting Jubaland, as we have previously advocated. What stands in the way is the joining up of this question by our Government with that of the Dodecanese, following in this the policy of Lord Curzon, but there is no necessary connexion between the questions at all.

#### SIR REGINALD HALL

The friends of Sir Reginald Hall (and they are many) will sympathize with him in the chain of events that has led to his resignation. His personal qualities and character have won for him the regard and affection of all who have worked with him. Whether, as events turned out, he was entirely suited to a post requiring great political experience may be questioned; but if and where such a man fails, the real responsibility rests on those who appoint him and attempt to fit a square peg in a round hole. We think that Sir Reginald has received much unfair criticism, and has in dignified silence shouldered a great deal of blame for things entirely beyond his control; and we hope he will find some environment wherein to serve the State more suited to his essential straightness and simplicity of character than that furnished by the intrigues of a political organization.

#### DRUGGED LEG

Dope has made its appearance at the dinner-table, and some decadent, who would have amused the earlier Huysman, has put forth a recipe for injecting alcoholic and other fluids into a leg of mutton. The wise will refrain from this naughtiness, which is recommended by a paper for women, and will frown on all attempts to make things taste unlike themselves. If plain roasts and boiled leg do not please, they will try the *soubise* treatment of the joint, which is really very simple, and instructions for which may be had by writing to the Gastronomic Critic of this Review, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

#### THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE Liberals and the Socialists are walking hand in hand, but not, it is to be feared, heart in heart. The Walrus, who but lately had been sole sitting by the shores of old Cobdenite romance, now struts amiably along the fringe of perilous Socialist seas, arm in arm with the Carpenter. With magnanimous gesture he agreed to help the Carpenter on his way; but there, it seems, must end the analogy between the Lib-Labs and the twin creatures of Carolinian imagination. From the moment of alliance the attitude of the Walrus towards the Carpenter has been rather that of the original walrus to the deluded oysters. Having put Labour in office, Liberalism has been at pains in the first three weeks of administration seriously to embarrass their alleged friends on at least three different occasions.

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,  
"To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!"

But it is all part of the very pleasant and irresponsible game of being the weakest party in the State and yet so placed as to hold the balance of power; and the Liberals have made use of their position to the utmost, indiscriminately and with the strangest inconsistency. They seem not to have made up their minds what their attitude shall be, or each to have made up his mind differently; with the result that they have as a party emerged from these few short weeks of debate already seriously discredited.

Let us examine recent Liberal manœuvres in some detail: Poplar, and the twin questions of aerial and naval defence. Hardly less remarkable than the failure of Liberals to uphold the interests of the country have been the wavering and disagreement within their own ranks. The attitude of the Government towards aerial defence is profoundly disquieting; staunch Liberals of the untainted school, like General Seeley, spoke up unhesitatingly against the fleecy aspirations of the Under-Secretary for Air. The Government policy pushed to its logical conclusion, said the General, would mean the ultimate abolition of Army, Navy and Air Force. But how little did he know his own friends! Within a week, spokesmen of this great party—Liberals are never tired of employing this much-abused epithet in reference to themselves and their policies—challenged the very necessary proposal of the Government to lay down five new cruisers, and found themselves, on a division, in a pitiable minority of seventy. This is out-pacifying the pacifists.

At one turn, then, we find the Liberals attacking those whom they helped into office for the inadequacy of their measures of national defence, and at the next attacking them for over-adequacy in precisely the same direction. There could be no clearer corroboration of the contention that present-day Liberalism has no policy worth the name. Its first consideration is Parliamentary tactics, and for tactical advantage they have shown themselves prepared to trifle with the supreme question of national and imperial safety. But even Mr. Pringle can be clever once too often, and the disservice which he did his party in the Naval debate is unlikely to be soon forgotten or forgiven by the electorate. The Liberals, even on a Free-trade platform, returned from the polls the weakest party in the State; now that their anti-Protectionist creed is seen to apply not only to industry but to the very lives and homes of the people, they have proved themselves unworthy to survive the next election except as an interesting archaeological exhibit.

So much for national defence. What of their attitude towards the defence of the rate-payer and constitutional local government? At first they appeared sound and unyielding. With spot-lime on and a great deal of noise from percussion the Walrus crossed the floor of the House and harangued the gaping oysters



in his most grandiloquent manner. He would not sheathe the sword till Poplarism was defeated. Let Socialists beware! Where a question of principle was involved they would find the great Liberal Party stern and uncompromising. Socialists very properly quaked; the more innocent members of the Liberal Party expressed themselves unguardedly on the imminent demise of Mr. Wheatley, or, alternatively, of the whole administration; even Conservatives were hardly prepared for the sequel. But what in the event did those stern and uncompromising Liberal principles amount to? We do not know; we never shall know. For the Walrus, after all his brave words, tucked his great Liberal principles away in a convenient pocket and grasped the Carpenter firmly by the hand. At one moment Mr. Asquith is the frowning schoolmarm and at the next the benevolent aunt: at no moment is he the responsible guardian of the interests of the British nation.

This is play-acting intensely to our distaste; too ponderous for farce, too undignified for tragedy. But it cannot be strung out much longer. With incredible levity the great Liberal Party is toying with the interests of the country, but it must make up its mind what its attitude towards the Government is to be. At present its first delight seems always the inconveniencing of Conservatism, but when, in pursuit of this innocent pleasure, it finds itself approaching too closely to the Socialist precipice, back it capers to the right. In this mood Liberalism is even more dangerous than Socialism. The Socialists are misguided, but at least they are honest and serious of purpose. The Liberals are merely frivolous.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE UNEMPLOYED

THE references to unemployment made by the Prime Minister in his exposition of Government policy clearly showed that in this, as in other directions, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in taking office with so much alacrity had merely started upon a voyage of discovery. It is one thing to deliver sentimental speeches, but quite another thing to apply the mind to the actual cure of the evils complained of; and when, as in the present case, those evils have already been the subject of prolonged and patient study by competent and sympathetic minds, it is perhaps not surprising that the Prime Minister should find it necessary to take refuge in the time-honoured expedient of increasing expenditure in order to make the country believe that he is setting about doing something effective.

Let it be noted, at the outset, that the Ministry of Labour has always been officered, in the main, by a Socialist-minded permanent staff, who have vied with one another in devising schemes to benefit the workless. Even this liberal-minded bureaucracy, however, has come to realize that some sort of check must be kept upon expenditure and that there must be a limit beyond which the Treasury can no longer be expected to finance even temporarily an insurance scheme that is not self-supporting. The last two Ministers in charge at Montagu House—Dr. Macnamara and Sir Montague Barlow (the latter of whom served as Parliamentary Secretary to the former)—followed a consistent policy in regard to what is termed "uncovenanted" benefit. That is, in theory, a payment in advance; in effect it is a gratuity to which the recipient is not entitled under the terms of his insurance contract, and it is provided by drawing upon the future resources of the Unemployment Insurance Fund. It is not likely—indeed the idea has long since been abandoned—that the recipients are ever likely to be able to repay what they have drawn in advance. To enable this money to be provided, the fund has been permitted to borrow from the Treasury, and some millions are owing in respect of such borrowings. That

is the real reason why the weekly payments, both those of the employer and of the worker—not to mention the State contribution—had to be raised some time ago. The Treasury borrowings were mounting up alarmingly, and something had to be done to check the increase.

By the operation of increased weekly contributions all round, and by reason of a decline in the number of unemployed persons, the Ministry of Labour anticipated that the indebtedness to the Treasury would steadily diminish and ultimately disappear and that the Fund would become self-supporting. That, in fact, was what probably would have followed, as may be seen by reference to the monthly returns published by the Board of Trade. Those returns for the month of November last showed, for the first time, an excess of receipts over outgoings of some £200,000. Assuming that monthly surplus to be maintained, it is obvious that not only would the Treasury loan speedily disappear, but reduced contributions all round would soon be possible. It may be observed in passing that these contributions amount to a very substantial tax on industry: and it is notorious that but for the war and its attendant consequences, the original contributions which were based on an ample scale would long since have been diminished. The Fund never really had the chance of establishing itself on a sound basis, because of the altogether abnormal and unexpected demands upon it which arose almost as soon as it had been started. Had there been no war—had trade remained even in the condition in which it stood before the war—the Unemployed Fund on its original basis of contributions would soon have been able to lend money to the Treasury instead of having to borrow from it. And that is the ideal to aim at. That, indeed, is what the last two Ministers and their advisers have kept in view. But now comes along Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with Mr. Tom Shaw as Minister of Labour, and the first Act they pass abolishes what was called the "gap"—a waiting-time of three weeks between each period during which "uncovenanted" benefit might be claimed, wisely intended to make the recipients of the grant exert themselves to get employment. This "gap" involved no real hardship, because the additional relief available under the Poor Law system exists to prevent any real hardship. True, it involved—what application for uncovenanted benefit to the Labour Exchanges does not involve?—independent inquiries into family circumstances; but that seems *prima facie* to have been an additional reason for preserving this "gap" which has now been abolished, causing, we are told, only another £600,000 of "dole" distribution. It is notorious that only a moderate proportion of those who have been in receipt of "uncovenanted" benefit apply to the Poor Law authorities during the three weeks' "gap" period, a fact not without significance.

But that is not all. There is a mysterious observation in the Premier's speech about "selection of uncovenanted benefit," the meaning of which ought to be strictly ascertained by close questioning in the House. It would seem, however, that there is in contemplation the abolition of the present distinction between "covenanted" and "uncovenanted" benefit, a truly alarming possibility. How many additional millions a year that would require from the Fund it is not easy to say: but the idea goes to the very root of the unemployment scheme. To that scheme at present a workman can go for assistance without any "dole" stigma, because what he obtains is what he has paid for and covenanted to have. "Uncovenanted" drawings have been a temporary remedy to meet an exceptional period of distress. We may well ask what is to be the effect upon a certain type of worker—demoralized already as so many of them have become through the "dole"—if "uncovenanted" benefit is to become the rule instead of the exception.

We should like, before leaving the subject, to put a practical question, which, so far as we are aware,



has never been discussed effectively by the House of Commons. What is the normal figure of unemployment which may be expected to exist at a time of good trade? Are we not right in assuming that upon the available statistics it should be about one-third of the present figures? If so, does not that point to the existence of a large permanent body of "unemployables" who ought to be dealt with under a wholly different system?

## A Pilgrim's Progress

London, February 28

I FIND that so many people have taken an interest in my recent remarks about wireless and broadcasting, that I am tempted to continue the subject, especially as nearly all my correspondents have been people who are in the position (which was mine only a few weeks ago) of hovering on the verge, or merely considering the possibilities, of wireless and have not actual experience of an installation in their own homes. I find that what is common to most of these people is a kind of mistrust of the unknown, an idea that wireless apparatus is a tiresome twiddling kind of complication which requires special and abstruse knowledge, and, at the best, results in a kind of gramophone performance with the disadvantage that you cannot choose your own records.

\* \* \*

It is true, of course, that ninety-nine out of a hundred listeners in England are at the mercy of the British Broadcasting Company, and are entirely dependent on the choice of its directors as to what their clients may or may not wish to hear. For that reason I think it all the more due to the British Broadcasting Company to say, in general terms, that their policy is admirable, that their choice of programmes attains a really marvellous degree of success in giving the public just as much of the best as it will stand, and that courage, imagination and ingenuity are handsomely enlisted in what is in itself a very courageous and difficult enterprise. Nobody need be afraid that a single day of the week will pass without there being something in the broadcasting programme which he will be glad to hear. As for the quality of tone in music and speech, given successful conditions (which prevail thirteen days out of fourteen) the acoustic performance of the wireless apparatus is infinitely superior to the best gramophone.

\* \* \*

Having said this, and given as generous praise as possible where it is undoubtedly due, I would like to add that in two respects I think that the broadcasting programmes might be considerably improved. Daily at five o'clock there is what is called a "Woman's Hour." The directors of the Broadcasting Company have assumed that women's interests are quite different from those of men. This seems to me an obsolete idea. If a thing is good, women are surely as capable of appreciating it as are men, and the accident of sex has nothing to do with what is or is not interesting to the mind. If women are really specially interested in the kind of stuff handed out by the British Broadcasting Company in the "Woman's Hour," their minds must be in a parlous state. A fifth-rate school-girlish essay is not in the least improved by being spoken through a microphone to hundreds of thousands of listeners; rather its original inanity is magnified; and in my own experience the kind of thing broadcasted in the "Woman's Hour" is such as to make any intelligent person desire to put down the receiver and wait until the period supposed to be specially devoted to family interests is over.

\* \* \*

Still more important, because of the greatness of its opportunity, is the period called the "Children's Hour," which, strictly speaking, consists of three-

quarters of an hour devoted to broadcasting designed to interest children. Here again, although I have no doubt that infinite trouble has been taken to find out what is wanted, there seems to be a very serious misconception as to what the average child really likes to hear. There may be some reason for spending fifteen minutes daily on the dreary catalogue of children's names which some "Uncle" reads, with perfunctory wishes for a happy birthday; but I cannot imagine any child or grown-up person ever listening to it without infinite boredom. Equally foolish, it seems to me, is it for someone to read aloud chapters from some such well-known book as 'Treasure Island.' That is, or should be, available in any nursery, and can be read as well by nurse or parent as by the invisible and impersonal broadcaster. There is here very much the same fault as is to be found in the "Woman's Hour": a kind of subconscious talking down to the listener that is really offensive to the average child of any age.

\* \* \*

But I take it what the British Broadcasting Company wants is constructive criticism and suggestions. Well, I would abandon the "Woman's Hour" and simply include whatever good material is available for it in the ordinary programme of the afternoon. I would give the children more orchestral music in the form of simple tunes. Nursery rhymes, and the treasury of English folk-songs, might be gone through systematically, rendered by one of the admirable quartettes who perform for the Company. Intimate talks, by people who know their subjects, about animals and nature subjects, are always appreciated by children, and they might be provided more often; and also practical talks on elementary mechanics—how things are made, how railways and ships are worked, little lectures on elementary astronomy and botany; really practical things like this are what children like. They like information. I do not think they like the highly artificial "uncle and aunt" atmosphere, or the laboured facetiousness of "Elsie Bains, 2020 Park Lane, Brixton: Many happy birthdays, Elsie! Don't eat too much cake! I am glad you got that jolly doll's house!" The modern child—and indeed I imagine the child of any age—can have little use for such nonsense addressed to possibly imaginary or possibly absent individuals. I am sure a revision of these programmes on some such lines would be much appreciated by small listeners.

\* \* \*

I find that the feeling roused among intelligent people in the social world in London over the incident of the Vienna Opera Company is none the less deep for being quiet. It is not so much the affront to a most distinguished company of artists that concerns us as the dense stupidity of the attitude of the agitators. I, for my part, decline to be dictated to by any Trades Union as to what kind of music or operatic performance I shall listen to; and I think that patrons of music generally, when they find out what it means, will refuse likewise to allow the Musicians' Union—consisting chiefly of players in cinemas and theatres—to decide what kind of opera they shall listen to. I would like to ask the supporters of this silly boycott exactly where it is to end. Is no foreign painter to come and paint in England? Are no foreign books to be published or sold in England? Will the Actors' Union, or the Union of British Stage Carpenters, prevent M. Guitry delighting us in London with his acting, or prevent distinguished visitors from bringing their own stage furniture and company? The fact is that the Trade Unions are rapidly becoming the bogey of people who are supposed to be in authority. It will be necessary to fight the attempt to apply their methods to things artistic, and I hope that the negotiations for a visit of the Vienna Opera Company at some future date will be taken up again and strongly backed.

FILSON YOUNG

## COMMONSENSE ABOUT SPANISH SHAWLS

BY GERALD KELLY

FOR many years I have delighted in and collected Manila shawls in Andalusia. I was invited the other day by Madame Merry del Val to go and help her choose the prize-winners for the most Spanish appearance at the Spanish Shawl Ball lately held at Claridge's. As no one looked anything like a Spanish woman, the prizes had to be awarded for the shawls themselves, in order of merit. Since that ball I have been asked by several newspapers for interviews and for permission to have my shawls photographed; and to avoid this nuisance for the future I am writing for the SATURDAY REVIEW all that I know on the subject of Spanish shawls, so that I may hereafter be left in peace, having nothing more to tell anybody.

"Spanish" shawls were made in Manila by Chinese workmen and shipped to certain wholesale houses in Cadiz, Puerto Santa Maria, and Seville, and distributed by them to the Spanish market. There never was a "Spanish" shawl made in Spain until a few years ago, and of these the less said the better. The tests of a good shawl are the material, called *la manila*, which should be closely woven and of very fine quality; the stitches of the embroidery, which should be short, tight and close; and the fringe, which should be short, with the knotted part little more than an inch deep. This fringe should be knotted into the Manila itself on two sides at least. In a poor shawl the material is either loosely woven (very similar to what women of to-day know as *crêpe marocain*), or else it is thin and brittle. The embroidery is coarse and loose, and the fringe, which will always be found sewn on all round, is heavy and deep, and has inches and inches of knotted decoration. The earliest known shawls were all embroidered in floss silk, very thin and flat, which wore badly, so that most of them have been worn out and destroyed. The fringes on these shawls only measure  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches and have no knots at all, but they are very rare, and only of interest to a collector.

In Spain I was told the usual story that is accepted by all foreigners and most Spaniards. Shawls were shown to me which were reputedly 150 and even 200 years old, and I was told of an early seventeenth-century shawl which had been sold to an American millionaire. But one day an overwhelming fact occurred to me. Goya, who with unfailing gusto had painted every feminine adornment and frippery, had never painted a Manila shawl. There was but one deduction: he had never seen one. Goya retired from Spain to Bordeaux about 1805 or 1806. The next step was easy. Shawls obviously came to Spain because women wore them and wanted them. Now when crinolines were fashionable about 1830, the costume was completed with a shawl. It is over the broad expanse of the crinoline that the large surface and beautiful design of the fine *mantón de Manila* can properly be shown. (The Cashmere was the precursor of the Paisley shawl, which was made to supply those who could not afford a genuine Cashmere, and for Spain shawls were made in the Philippine Islands.) The trade with Manila had accustomed the ships' captains to commission examples of Chinese embroidery as presents, and I can easily imagine a captain bringing home the first lovely shawl to his delightful and delighted love. Maybe it was in Puerto Santa Maria, and how she must have loved it! Fashionable people were not left behind and all the great and rich bought superlatively fine and costly shawls which still, for the most part, remain in their families. But shawls soon ceased to be fashionable, and there came a time when they ceased to be a component part of the daily toilet of women. Since then women in society do not use their shawls except on Easter Sunday, when in all the bravery of mantilla and comb, flowers and fan, they

will probably drive to the bull-ring, mother's (or grand-mother's) shawl neatly folded and carried thus over the left arm. Arrived at the box, the shawl is opened and spread out over the balcony.

When I left Spain in 1914, I had never seen a woman of any special social position wearing a shawl, unless she was visiting the Fair. When I returned in 1917 I found that there was a revival of interest in things Spanish—very similar, I think, to the revival of the kilt in the Lowlands, due to Sir Walter Scott. Smart ladies arranged nocturnal fêtes—*buñoladas*—and went to them dressed in the Sevillian manner. Prices had gone to ten times those of 1914. Among the poorer classes, and above all the people of Andalusia, who love bright and brave colours, the buying of shawls in the old days must have been very widespread. The family shawl was obviously a jolly thing. There was no money to buy anything nearly so lovely, and so they maintained the fashion of wearing it until our own day, when, alas, tempted by the exorbitant prices of the foreigner, so many have been sold. The gipsies or *flamencas* (those who have some gipsy blood), and there are many such, can hardly be separated from their bright shawls, which are therefore associated with gipsies and gipsy company. And when all dressed up and very proud of herself in her mantilla and with her shawl on her arm, the little lady of Seville says, "¡Que *flamenca* estoy!" (I am quite the gipsy).

In Seville in the summer, when the weather is terribly hot and the nights are lovely, the women all wear a comb and flowers in the comb, and a *mantón de Manila*, which they wear simply and therefore gracefully. They do not wear any special dress, but it is light and full and beautifully clean, and their manners are perfection in courtesy and modesty. They do not expose one arm, or three-quarters of the bosom, or more. They do not wear hats. There is in this country an exact parallel for the women with a man's hat, a *sombrero de ala ancha*. This will be found on Hampstead Heath when costers live up to what the late Albert Chevalier sang about them. Carmencita, whom Sargent painted, did not wear a shawl in the wrong way, because she danced beautifully. La belle Otero danced badly, and so she wore shawls as only her like should wear them. There are now a host of such, and they expose their backs, their fronts, their sides, and they chew a rose and twist cheap and hideous shawls round their often succulent bodies to the delight of the groundlings, even in Spain.

But there is none of this in Seville. I, who in Seville, at the Fair, have seen crowds and crowds of girls in beautiful shawls, with their amazing grace and gaiety, was profoundly shocked to see that melancholy procession at Claridge's the other night. Charming women, who look so elegant and distinguished when properly dressed, slouching along, painfully apeing the tenth-rate performers in rotten music-halls, or worse, because they thought (and this was the most exasperating part of it) that thus they looked Spanish! Women in Spain possess a beautiful carriage, at once fiery and quiet, alert and restful. Their gestures are provocative but always natural. Women in England carry themselves nobly; their gestures are few and certainly not ungraceful; but they are in every way different.

Oh, happy possessors of fine shawls, do wear them so that they and you look nice. Take your shawl and fold it corner to opposite corner, so as to make a triangle. Put it over your shoulders and take care that the point hangs down in the middle of your skirt. The Sevillian gives an occasional little wriggle upwards of the shoulders and (with bent arms) an outward and forward movement of both elbows, which catch the shawl and hold it when it threatens to fall. Wear a comb in the centre of the head—not at one side; flowers, if you wish, in front of the comb. If you wear a mantilla you mustn't wear a shawl also. Keep that folded. Do not claim that your shawl is over 100 years old: it is more than improbable that it should be. And don't chew those poor flowers.



## THE METHUSELAD

By IVOR BROWN

*Back to Methuselah!* By G. Bernard Shaw. The Court Theatre.

THIS five-fold cosmic fable suggests to me a master's gigantic and noble landscape in whose foreground some larking students have scribbled cartoons and similar comicalities. Unfortunately we cannot cry "Look upon this picture and on that," for the larks as well as the landscape are by Mr. Shaw. The landscape is worthy of his power; the larks are unworthy of his weakest mood. Judge the Burge-Lubin affair in isolation and it is Fanny's Worst Play. Judge in isolation Parts I and V, the birth and the victory of human will, and you have work which substantiates the author's claim to be drafting the scriptures and the legends of a faith. If that faith seems to young mortality to be as cold as a mountain-summit, its air is as nipping and as eager as mountain air, and its lines are as majestic as a range of peaks.

The Methuselah invites a double critical attack. Being expressly a "metabiological pentateuch," it demands the judgment of the metabiological professor. Lacking the lore of the Haldanes and the Huxleys, I am in no position to assess the anti-Darwinian invective of the preface, to wrangle with our dramatist on the theory of "sports," or to discuss with him the engaging and fundamental question, "Why do giraffes have long necks?" For my own part I humbly suspect that one need neither accept Mr. Shaw's fiery faith in the freedom of creative will nor commit oneself to the fatuities of Weismann. I spy other possibilities; but let that pass. The dramatic critic's task, I take it, is to accept Mr. Shaw's assumptions and consider whether he has made his thesis dramatically effective.

Judged by that standard, 'Back to Methuselah!' is as variable in value as our English skies are variable in weather. If Mr. Shaw writes for the stage instead of merely for the study, he must believe that the proscenium arch is a better frame for his ideas than green cloth covers. Yet much of his pentateuch, though fascinating to read, loses effect by presentation. The actor need not necessarily portray action; but he must have character or emotion on which to work. Set him down to a prolonged round-table conference, as in most of sections two and three, and he might as well read his part as recite it. And if he might as well read his part, so might the audience who would save themselves the trouble of a journey and the expenditure of more upon a stall for one-fifth of the play than the cost of the book, including its superbly written preface, which the play-goer lacks.

Mr. Shaw's other discussion-plays are improved by acting. 'Heartbreak House' is a first-rate example. I read it with a rather joyless interest, saw it with delight, and saw it again with increased delight. The reason is simple; the ideas are embodied in genuine characters, and the more lively, subtle, and imaginative is the presentation of the characters, the more vivid and suggestive do the ideas become. But in the pentateuch the characterization is no more than skin-deep. It is impossible to be interested in the Brothers Barnabas except as mouth-pieces of metabiological theory. The Chinaman of section three is simply Mr. Shaw in a pig-tail sticking his familiar pins into John Bull. And the pins are no better for the pig-tail.

But what of Burge and Lubin, you may say? Here are our two Liberal ex-premiers to the life. In external detail, yes. In essence, no. What has happened is that Mr. Shaw has so guyed his guys, that we take no interest in seeing them pelted; it is a poor thing when our greatest national satirist first makes his victims so grotesque that they satirize themselves. In any case, much of this episode were better un-acted. The taste of the fun is at times deplorable. Of course this sort of thing has been done before. Aristophanes

sought to make Athens laugh at Euripides's tragedy by asserting that the poet's mother sold cabbages. In Parisian music-halls you may see the President of the Republic impersonated as a species of Widow Twankey. But Mr. Shaw should be above this personal banter; by so indulging his spleen and wit he stoops to conquer—and then doesn't conquer. He simply puts us on his enemies' side.

The dramatist may defend the episode by suggesting that this is the kind of wretched response which the demagogue will make to a revolutionary philosophic idea like that of salvation by longevity. If that is his object, then, as a skilled agitator, he ought to know that the best way to discredit fools is to give them fair play.

So much for the cartoons and comicalities in the foreground, of whom the negress, discovered in her underclothes by an accident of "tele-vision," is about the ignoblest Shavian of them all. They are unworthy of a genius and that is the end of it. Let us to the philosophic peaks where the sage has not lost his wisdom nor the master his mastery. In the beginning the conversation of Eve and the Serpent is finely dramatic and is touched to finer issues by the acting; at the close there is, in Lilith's valedictory speech, as noble a piece of prose as Mr. Shaw has ever written. It was spoken with a dignity that missed beauty and it deserves both.

For Mr. Shaw's ideal of bodily annihilation and intense mental survival, for the vision of humanity exalted beyond flesh and sense to whirl-pools of pure intelligence, for the asceticism that would destroy childhood because it is a nuisance and art because it is a toy, it is idle to expect much immediate stirring of response in common clay. The lure of the senses is strong upon us; no shame in that. We feel no call to bury the warm beauty that we know for the frozen ecstasy (if such there can be) of perpetual contemplation. "I think; therefore I am," said Descartes. It is a half-truth. To make it the sovereign truth is Mr. Shaw's dream of creative evolution. This is the very jingoism of rationalism. "I will paint the map red," cries the Chauvinist. "I will knock colour and form into nothing," cries our pan-logician. "There will be only mind and the backward races of sense must come into my empire or perish." It is a hard creed, harder than Plato's cult of the "idea," and to its exposition Mr. Shaw has brought the artistic beauty of a Platonic myth.

The Birmingham Repertory Company, which essays the arduous and endurances of bodying forth the pentateuch, is by no means strong. A task that would challenge genius is thrust on the shoulders of average competence. One actress the team has who is exceptionally gifted. As Eve in the first part and as the Newly-Born in the fifth, Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies showed both a sensitive use of words and exquisite bodily rhythm; her every movement was both decorative and expressive. The baby grace of the latter-day maiden was as surely conveyed as was the material dignity of mother Eve. Mr. Scott Sunderland also contributed at least one outstanding performance. As the Elderly Gentleman of part four, he made that poor creature's garrulity both enlightening and endearing. Less skilfully handled, the part might have vexed the dull ears of many drowsy men. But Mr. Sunderland gave it variety of tone and rare speed of delivery, virtues that were notably absent in one or two other players. Mr. Leo Carroll, who only appeared on one evening, gave a cunning simulation of "Burge," and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke expounded at the close the quintessence of he-ancientry. There were some odd false quantities and Miss Caroline Keith, as serpent and she-ancient, knew too much about the mechanics of elocution.

And after five nights what is stamped deeper on the mind's tablets, noble background or scribbled foreground? The hills have it, I think.

## CONCERNING TREES

BY HUBERT J. FOSS

SILENTLY, under the visible surface, man seems always to be working for the good of man; but the will has to be taken for the deed, for the deed itself is frequently of a curious nature. Thus, I have discovered from a chance paragraph in the newspaper that there is a Royal Arboricultural Society, which propagates its aims by encouraging children to write essays on trees: last year it elicited 2,473 essays, *The Times* informs me. The most suspicious of us could not impugn the disinterestedness of this society; nor, on the other hand, could the most enthusiastic claim its importance. But such is the kind of this world, as Butler showed in 'The Aunt, the Nieces, and the Dog'; it is the society and not the aim that attracts members, and it is the little and not the great emotion that inspires trust in human beings. For, with all its worthiness, this society is a curiosity of human endeavour.

But this appears like turning King's evidence against myself, for clearly I am under an obligation to the title of this, the two-thousand-four-hundred-and-seventy-fourth, essay to extol trees. My plea is to remind you, with Gilbert, that jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers, and that implicit in my attitude towards the Arboricultural Society is astonishment that people so sincerely interested in trees should find it necessary to have a society—and particularly one containing such an unnatural adjective. For trees themselves form neither societies nor adjectives. The oak as a genus (but not as a channel of procreation) is an invention of man's mind, and the difference between the animal and the vegetable sensibilities consists largely in the difference between man's delight in relating the acorn to the oak, and the tree's utter disregard for family, and state, and even country, except unconsciously as a focus of climate. The absence of trees is a primary connotation of the words town and desert, and it is curious that this absence should inspire man with as much disgust in the second as it does with pleasure in the first of these words. Yet even Londoners admire the Wood Street plane tree, enough at least to have taken to their bosom a bad poem, though not perhaps enough to look at it with pleasure every time they pass it by. Conversely, one tree converts a waste into a garden; trees lend their personality *gratis*, with ease and freedom. It is not their size that gives them superiority, any more than its size can make the elephant king of the beasts; for a bed of lavender is an addition to a garden while its trees are an essential part of it. Trees have a closer intimacy with human consciousness than any other vegetable. A treeless world is inconceivable; a treeless land is despised.

A single tree is interesting in itself and in its atmosphere. But trees have concourse and then their qualities change. The mere organic unity of a wood is wonderful to the point of bewilderment. Not one of those details that even in the production of a tree seem so insignificant is lost in that mosaic of tiny pieces, which seem to need no closer bond than (so to speak) their tree-ness. To one lying supine among the acres of Houghton Forest the parts of each of a million leaves form not only that leaf, but also part of the parent tree, and so part of the forest; each line makes a pattern with its neighbour, and the spreading patterns make up again into larger patterns. There is a giant tacit co-operation, each leaf with each, and all with the sun and wind and clouds. Physically a marvel, a wood is spiritually no less. What are the ramifications (one cannot avoid the tree metaphors) of human intelligence in towns beside the dumb and blind and idiot concourse of trees? Who would dare compare Nottingham with Sherwood, or Dundee with the forests of Perthshire? That would need humility. In these towns of trees one is in a world of positive

tranquillity, where the only action is growth, where the elements are welcomed for their help, not despised for their hindrance, where death is only subsidence, and decay beautifies and does not mar. Woods are the home of growth, not only of trees but of a host of natural species. Here is the homing of birds and insects, in relation to whom trees have achieved a state of natural friendship far more intimate than that of men even with each other, much less that which exists between nations, or between man and any other species. It is hard to imagine a unity greater and more liberal than that of the trees in a wood. And here, too, is happiness; a humpback is rare among trees which live their proper life, and is recognizable at once as thwarted and warped in spirit. So the natural contentment of a wood is one of its first observable features. But how, says one, can trees be of any human significance when they have no brain? It is not the least advantage they possess that their intelligence is in no way comparable to that of the human being, or of the animals which he calls lower.

Trees do nothing. Why should they? To what purpose do we aim and struggle and peer for the right course? I cannot think it meaner of trees not to try. Their essence is that they are; and it is due to our own bad thought that we understand no more by this highly significant word. Indeed, from One whose every word has been held sacred, we have not learnt the lesson of the beauty of natural being, for out of His direct statement we have attempted only to abstract a moral lesson. The intellectual lesson, like that of many others of His statements, we have neglected. In this state of mere being trees outlive us; their absorbing occupation of being lasts beyond our indolent businesses. I find that people do not realize this until a tree is dead and they can count its years by the rings of its trunk. Yet their passive remaining is far more noticeable in trees during their life than in their death, but we give indeed no different treatment to our great men. Their long intellectual passivity has been summed up by a sentence of Eleanor Farjeon's: "And of a tree's dreaming," she said, "who shall speak?"

And yet, in his universal acknowledgment of their beauty, man seems unconsciously and without expression to understand the nature of trees. One cannot ascribe his manifest love for them only to their provision of shade, the one need to which, living, they minister, nor wholly to their symbolical summary of his own ideas of unity in variety. In recognizing their beauty, man admits first their power of creating atmosphere, secondly their satisfying provision of line and colour and pattern, and thirdly—and chiefly—their presentation in so exquisite a form of the will to live. I, says the tree, present to you a consummate ideal of life for one of my habits: I am able to profit by my environment; my natural disadvantages (as you see them) are my most potent helpmates; I grow in an orderly and logical way; I am I, and yet I am demonstrably brother to the rest of my species; my physical parts are themselves and yet are of me; I remain, when you are gone, a tacit explanation of the ways of life.

I once saw an essay on trees which opened with a praise of wood. Praise of the tree's texture I could have understood, but this immediate mention of wood seemed to me like thinking of bone meal when looking at a horse. It is natural to think of trees when looking at wood, but how different to think of wood when looking at trees! The unexpressed emotion of the common man in the country is, I feel, far simpler than this. It is not only a pictorial emotion, which fits trees into an ordered landscape; it is an emotion of surprise at the remoteness, the immobility, almost the unlikelihood of trees; and with it goes an admiration of their full life, their immobility, their intense superiority over other species, which is expressed in the content they have to be alive. Only these stupid words make this emotion complex; really, it is a simple feeling similar to that which makes men sing, about their own dusty lives, in the bath.



## THE YOUNGER GENERATION

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

CHANCE has recently taken me several times to the Royal College of Music, and it may not be amiss to seize the opportunity of turning for once from the established reputations to the work of the young men and women who will be the musicians of to-morrow. Let me first dismiss a fallacy enunciated, with all his authority, by the Dramatic Critic of *The Times*, namely, that musicians still believe in the outworn doctrine of "capillary inspiration." The young men at the Royal College are, in outward appearance, no different from the earnest students of science next door. Meeting them in the street, one would be hard put to it to distinguish the leader of the college orchestra from the holder of a diploma in mineralogy or any other crop-headed and bespectacled subject of exact knowledge. Nor, conversely, are the young ladies of Prince Consort Road noticeably bobbed and shingled. This is no irrelevant and frivolous digression into vulgar personality; for this outward appearance is a symbol that there is no sham Bohemianism at the College. May it also signify that music is studied there rather as a science than as an art? There is, of course, a scientific side of music as of any other art; and it is inevitable that this side should take an important place in the education of musicians, especially at an institution which does not cater exclusively for aspirants to fame on the concert-platform. The danger of an excessive stress upon scientific and technical matters is the cultivation of an academic as opposed to an imaginative spirit in the student.

But any doubts on that score have been dispelled by the performances which I have heard—two short and mildly amusing operas, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the Violin and B flat Pianoforte Concertos of Brahms and a group of compositions by students at the College. First of all, the orchestra has the inestimable advantage over the strictly professional bodies of practically unlimited rehearsal. The result is that their performances are, in some respects, far more finished than most we hear in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Boult did not quite succeed in getting the strings to maintain the dotted rhythm throughout the whole of the first movement of the Seventh Symphony; but it was closer to the text than the London Symphony Orchestra's performance two nights before. The slow movement was given a really first-rate performance, mainly because Mr. Boult realized that steadiness of rhythm is the first requirement here. Few conductors are willing to obliterate themselves and allow the music to take its course undisturbed by their ideas of "expression." There are many pieces which demand this self-denial—one is the opening of the second movement in Franck's Symphony, which is usually afflicted with abominable *rallentandi*.

The Concertos were played by Miss Marie Wilson and Mr. Angus Morrison. Both of them—and here the *coiffure* re-enters as a symbol of inward things—played with the head rather than the heart. Not a hair was out of place. I do not mean that there were no wrong notes; but the interpretations were always neat and tidy. One longed for a little fire, even if it should burn the performer's own fingers. Mr. Morrison was, perhaps, less at fault in this respect than Miss Wilson, although hers was naturally the more finished performance, since she had the advantage of proper rehearsal. The pianist, who played at the Patron's Fund Concert, was literally rehearsing the work for the first time; but, even so, he showed a surprisingly mature appreciation of this exacting work, beside which most concertos are only puny exercises in virtuosity. But more interesting, from the general point of view, than the quality of the performance, is the fact that these young executants should have chosen Brahms as the test of their capabilities. Beethoven is out of fashion in these circles nowadays; even Mozart, after a temporary emergence into the limelight of popularity, has had to

retire to a second place, because further knowledge of his works showed that he could be as dull as he can be vital. "Why did Mozart write Concertos?" said one, when Miss Jelly D'Aranyi had played the D major at the last Philharmonic concert. Defence was difficult, and I had to resort to praising the oboe quartet which was performed at Miss Dorothy Silk's recent concert—one of the loveliest pieces of music ever composed. But to our mutton! Brahms, having been left for dead as that, is now found alive and kicking with enthusiasm in the musical nursery; and the strange thing is that it is the intellectual side of his music which appeals to the new generation—or it would be strange, did one not recognize the fashion for coldness which has spread through all the arts—his romanticism is ignored or passed over as a weakness of the "no, we never mention her" type.

The Brahmsian vogue affects the executive artists more than the composers, who, so far as foreign influence is concerned, are sincere flatterers of Ravel and Stravinsky, intellectuals again. Very naturally, however, the work of Vaughan Williams and Holst has done much to shape the young idea. The composers are, inevitably, less advanced than the executants, and detailed criticism of their work should come from within the College rather than from outside. Most of the compositions I heard were too clamorous; the young composer naturally revels in the opportunities for plenty of percussion provided by the College orchestra, and an afternoon of it was hard upon other drums than those on the platform. It is a pity that the movement towards economy of means has apparently not reached the College. Mr. Gavin Gordon Brown's Suite was the most finished work in the programme; it has the further merit of comparatively simple scoring. One might breathe a doubt whether the influence of Vaughan Williams's works is a good one for the young composer. I will give way to no one in admiration of those works themselves; but they are of that particular kind, highly vaporized and poetical, which, though superficially imitable, has perhaps no fertilizing power to engender new ideas in the minds of others.

While I am speaking of the younger musicians, I should like to mention some of the concert-givers whose performances at their first recitals during the past year make them worthy of the attention of music-lovers. It must be exceedingly difficult for the general public to know at which of a dozen concerts they are likely to find a good standard of musicianship. These I remember as having given much pleasure:—Mr. Gilbert Bailey, a young baritone on whom the mantle of Plunket Greene may one day descend; Miss Muriel Hughes, another of that teacher's pupils; Mr. Stuart Robertson, a useful bass who can sing Bach: among pianists, Mr. Leslie England and Mr. Rae Robertson; and among violinists, Mr. William Primrose, and Mr. Jean Pougnet, who is to give a sonata recital next week. From all these one may be sure of hearing intelligent and sensitive interpretations of good music; whether any of them will eventually inscribe their names among the great depends upon the work they do during the next ten years. But we, in England, have little conception of the artist's life as one of devotion and abnegation; therefore we have to be content with mediocrity—and foreign visitors.

## Correspondence

THE PATH TO SOCIAL PEACE:  
ARISTOCRACY

BY AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.

THE quotation at the foot of the next column\* expresses so clearly what many of us engaged in industry have long felt, that readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be interested to hear that certain practical experiments, which I have carried out during the last few years, confirm to a considerable extent the opinions put forward in the article quoted. I think that I may term

my experiments successful—that is to say, they have given me reason to believe that the hypothesis upon which they were based is true. That hypothesis may be stated briefly thus: The Platonic theory, that political progress and contentment are possible only when philosophers are kings, is equally applicable to industry, and there can be no industrial progress and contentment until those who give orders and control capital are better (within the limits of industrial matters) than those who obey. In short, aristocracy is the only sound basis for all human institutions.

Now, we are bound to admit that the early Victorian economists really held this view, though they made the great mistake of failing to perceive that great acquisitiveness (though the highest economic virtue) forms but a poor standard by which to judge the industrial aristocrat. The latter must of course possess that quality, but it can do no more than make him *primus inter pares*—one who has the same low desires as the mob, but greater power to fulfil them. If he is to be an aristocrat in the true sense of the word, he must be different from the mob in kind rather than in degree. He must have other aims more in accord with the standard of what we term absolute values. If he takes part in industry merely that he may accumulate wealth, he is acting from the same motive as those to whom he gives orders. Unconsciously, but with justice, they question his title to command, and industrial discontent is inevitable.

But the real aristocrat would appear to be one who directs industry simply for the sake of directing it well, who endeavours to produce the best and cheapest goods for the public, while giving his men a higher standard of living than is enjoyed by those who are employed by his competitors. The lower his own standard of material comfort and the higher that of the men under his command, the more complete an autocrat does he become and the more successful, therefore, is the business which he directs. To devote one's whole energy to a task merely in order to do it better than anyone else, without any regard to a possible material prize, would appear to be what we term sportsmanship. It is, therefore, an ideal which should commend itself to all educated Englishmen. Indeed, there seems good reason to believe that this view of industry is already appealing to some of those who direct it.

During the last four years I have myself tried the plan of running my engineering works in the North on purely sporting lines, guided by the aristocratic principle to which I have made allusion. The theory, put into practice, "works"—and what more can be demanded from any theory? My men have wages at present almost double the trade union rate and can easily afford many harmless but costly luxuries (wives, families, and so on), while my luxuries are reduced to a bathroom and clean shirts. Their pleasures cost money, mine do not. Nor need anyone seek expensive amusements at the present time, when the apostles of Physical Relativity have provided a subject of unending variety and exquisite humour for him who "sits and thinks." Moreover, a comparison of the virtues of my men with my own failings is a continual, though perhaps not entirely effective, check to that increase of priggishness which is, as your former contributor duly noted, the chief danger to be feared. As an industrialist, I am the better man. Each of those whom I employ, in his heart recognizes this and obeys me willingly within the sphere of industry. In most other relations of life I am probably inferior to the majority of men, and, if the need arose, I would obey them.

\* The task now laid clearly before the minority is to improve themselves, at least in the capital point of drawing their enjoyment from purer, cheaper and therefore less vulnerable sources. At present they are infected with the fever of the proletariat for improving or strengthening their outward circumstances. . . . If the trade unions once suspect that we value Truth and Beauty, Honour and Justice, above dividends and motor cars, they will hanker after them too.—SATURDAY REVIEW, February 23, 1924.

## Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

### SOME SOBER VIEWS ON DRINK

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The efforts that are being made by some people within the liquor trade to improve the public-houses are more probably due to the fact that the Carlisle scheme brought home to people the sordid conditions under which the trade continued to sell liquor and showed a much better way. Magistrates are not likely to encourage improvements which involve greater facilities for the sale of beer, but I am still of the opinion that where improvements are made in the interests of the licensee and his customers, no reasonable objection can be raised. Mr. Anderson overlooks the fact that in many licensing areas the magistrates inspect the public-houses within their jurisdiction and request the brewers to put them in order. The fact that this is not done and that this inspection by magistrates becomes necessary, confirms what I have said about the indifference shown by the brewers so long as their beer continues to be sold.

I am, etc.,

J. DOUGLAS EDWARDS

King's End Avenue, Ruislip

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—“Prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes” will never solve the drink problem as your correspondent claims. Prohibition will make things worse, as it has done in U.S.A. and Canada. The sane solution of this problem is the better public-house on the lines of Lord Lamington's Bill in the House of Lords. Develop the public-house of to-day into a decent reputable house of refreshment where people can meet for entertainment and social intercourse and the better conditions will ensure a better standard of behaviour, and drunkenness will be out of fashion. “Keep off the grass” is an incentive to trespass to English people, who on the whole recognize the difference between liberty and licence. Mr. A. N. Bransom's letter reads like the “morning after” and hardly deserves the heading, “Some Sober Views on Drink.”

I am, etc.,

W. BETTERIDGE

20 Delamere Crescent, W.2

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your correspondent, A. N. Bransom, adroitly attempts to twist your statement that “Prohibition would mean a violent invasion of personal freedom” by saying Prohibition is directed against a “traffic” and not the individual. This argument will not even hold water. The drink trade is not “injurious to the community”; it is intemperance in alcohol which is injurious. Alcohol in itself, like all gifts of God, is beneficial when used in moderation.

Immoderation in religion results in religious mania, in sport, weak heart, in study, insanity, and so on. As for the comparison of the relative cheapness of bread and beer, what about water and milk? The first is far cheaper, but that is hardly a good enough



reason to recommend it as a diet. "Sober Views on Drink" seem an impossibility to the so-called Temperance Party.

I am, etc.,

V. R. PARKER

Kensington, Liverpool

## LOCAL OPTION AND PROHIBITION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Fred Carter's letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of February 2, and his statement that the position taken up by me with regard to State Control of the Liquor Trade "was obviously a partisan attack," to this criticism I must at once give an emphatic denial. I am no partisan, but was actuated simply by my strong conviction that the Nationalization of Industries does not make for the general benefit of the working classes, but, on the contrary, sets up a bureaucratic body of officials whose sole duty and object is to interfere with the liberty of the subject.

I made an incognito visit to Carlisle for the purpose of ascertaining the real effect of control and whether or not it met with the approval of the general public who, after all, are the people most affected by the administration set up in that city. I visited many houses on various occasions, both by day and by night, and may say at once and definitely that, speaking as a Licensing Magistrate of much experience, no Licensing Bench in the country would for one moment permit such conditions to exist as are to be found in some of the much-vaunted State-management houses in Carlisle. The sordid drinking dens known as Women's Bars are alone sufficient to condemn the project if their conditions are to be taken as evidence of "improvement" in the planning and equipment of licensed houses. In other instances, houses would prove simply death-traps in the event of fire, while in certain cases the lavish expenditure of public money upon structural alterations and general outfit is obviously wasted. Proof of this lies in the fact that the conditions provided do not meet with the approval of the persons who it is desired shall make use of these licensed premises, and who, after all, are those who have to be considered. This is exemplified in particular in the case of the old Post Office building, which, converted at great expense, was supposed to be an attractive establishment. So little has this much-advertised so-called tavern been appreciated, that it has lately been found necessary to close down the greater part of the building, and, by letting off such portions for other purposes, to endeavour to recoup the Government for what must have been very heavy financial loss.

The people who know and use these public-houses are unanimous in condemnation of the scheme as it stands. Those who support the scheme are people unaccustomed to the use of licensed premises and are out simply to interfere with the liberty of the people. There is no question of partisanship or prejudice of any kind: it is simply an incontrovertible fact that this scheme, while restricting the accommodation provided, tends simply to irritate the citizens of Carlisle.

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK

Carlton Club

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I wonder that those of your correspondents who object to Local Option and Prohibition on the ground that their adoption would constitute an infringement of personal freedom, do not see that their objection, although sound, is insufficient. It is a mere

truism that certain limitations of freedom are inescapable in an ordered civilization.

Unless your correspondents are prepared to advocate free trade in alcoholic liquors, and indeed in all commodities, their objection to Prohibition on this ground must fail. They admit, I presume, that the nature of the article in question necessitates a certain amount of restriction. Restriction and Prohibition are equally infringement of liberty, although differing in degree. The only question to consider is whether the greater or only the lesser infringement of liberty has become necessary in the public interest. In the absence of any adequate external authority, this question must be remitted to the decision of those whose interests are affected by it, either by Local Option Referendum or by ordinary Parliamentary procedure.

Let us, then, have no more impassioned appeals to liberty in this connexion. There is no such sacredness in alcoholic liquors as to exempt them from the rules which govern other commodities, and the vehemence of their defenders is hard to understand upon any theory that I should like to entertain.

I am, etc.,

"CONSTITUTIONALIST"

15 Wynne Road, S.W.9

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The following figures, showing convictions for drunkenness in Carlisle and other towns during 1922 will perhaps be of interest to your readers:

Town.	Convictions for Drunkenness per 10,000.
Carlisle ... ..	17.57
Leeds ... ..	16.91
Burton-on-Trent ... ..	12.69
Wigan ... ..	11.77
Barrow-in-Furness ... ..	9.64
Derby ... ..	6.95
Lincoln ... ..	6.87
Gloucester ... ..	4.41
Sheffield ... ..	4.25
Ipswich ... ..	1.24

Carlisle, as you will see, shows up very badly when compared with other towns. How do those of your readers who wish to inflict State public-houses on us explain this?

I am, etc.,

S. B. CURTIS

5 Cressingham Road, Lewisham, S.E.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Fred Carter quotes the Chief Constable of Carlisle's Report at the Annual Licensing Sessions to support his argument that State Control stands for a better state of things in the drink trade than private ownership.

At random I choose Mr. John Harrison, Chief Constable of St. Albans, to speak of the private owner as he finds him: "There were no prosecutions (i.e., against licensees) during the year. I have caused surprise visits to be paid to the various licensed premises . . . the houses have been generally well conducted." This seems the general tone of Chief Constables all over the country at the Brewster Sessions and proves that the private owner is keen for the reputation of his house.

Not only in Carlisle, but everywhere in England, "the general conduct in the streets . . . continues to show a marked improvement." This better condition of affairs is due to the social conscience and an edu-

cated public opinion and has nothing to do with State Control.

I am, etc.,

HELENA THOMAS

"Westgate," Sudbury

[Next week all the remaining letters on this subject already in type will be printed, and the correspondence closed. No further letters can now be accepted.—Ed. S.R.]

### 'SO THIS IS FAIRYLAND'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Brown's title is a good one, but his reason for using it is nowhere. Charles Lamb does not say that the Restoration plays are like Fairyland, but that as Fairyland is a world by itself, so the Restoration plays are a world by themselves. Forgive my iteration of the obvious. What I do wish to call attention to is what a friend has pointed out to me—the obvious misprint when Millamant is reading Suckling's poems and replies to Mrs. Fainall's "You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets." Millamant: "He? ay, and filthy verses—so I am."

This "filthy" sounds wrong and out of key where "silly" would meet the meaning and be expressive of her feeling and has, I feel certain, been the original word, with a long I, easily misprinted or mis-read filly, filthy.

I have no old edition of 'The Way of the World,' but it could be looked up in the original perhaps, and at any rate changed in the acting version.

I am, etc.,

C. A. MACGROTH

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Brown remarks with some severity, but not, I fear, without some justice, that the plot of 'The Way of the World' "is mostly unintelligible, and, where intelligible, stupid." In fairness to Congreve, however, I would venture to point out that a plot which is already sufficiently intricate and involved loses none of its difficulties by the drastic method of cutting a goodly slice from the beginning of the last Act, to wit, the explanations between Mrs. Fainall and Foible, and, what is more serious still, the inimitable scene in which Lady Wishfort drives Foible from her doors. It is almost incredible that this episode, where Congreve reaches the high-water mark of comedy, should have been deleted. And yet on the first night of the Lyric production (and, as I am informed, subsequently also), Act v commenced abruptly with the conversation between Lady Wishfort and Mrs. Marwood. Had I not known the play pretty well beforehand, I should certainly have wondered what all the pother was about. As it was, I felt bitterly disappointed that I had been deprived of Miss Yarde's acting in a scene which would have given her magnificent opportunities. Previously the play had been amply farced with extraneous matter, such as the elaborate, and to me slightly ridiculous, lighting of a chandelier, a kind of miniature ballet, entirely foreign to the spirit of Congreve's comedy.

I am, etc.,

"NEMO"

London

### THE BANKS AND MONETARY POLICY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I wonder what your correspondent, Mr. Olsson, means when he talks of the "automatic throttle of purchases of gold by the Bank of England."

To begin with, the phrase "purchases of gold" is one of those maddeningly misleading ones that seem to have been invented by bankers for the deliberate darkening of counsel. It is like that other dreadful epithet "mere"—as when people absurdly talk of gold sovereigns being "mere" counters, or, on the

other hand, a "mere" commodity—the truth being that they are both counters and a commodity. But "purchases of gold" by the Bank of England can really mean only one thing, viz., the giving of sovereigns or notes for gold bullion, and this can hardly be described as a "purchase." It is an exchange. (I omit the question of pure gold *versus* standard gold, and that of full-weight coins *versus* light ones.) How can gold be "purchased" when there is an open mint and a full legal tender law? To buy gold with gold is an absurdity. All that the phrase "purchases of gold" can mean in connexion with the Bank is that there is a *premium* on gold *versus* notes. (The "purchase" of gold by commodities is quite another matter.)

If the Bank of England really "puts a throttle" on the gold supply, that can only mean that it is in league with that den of thieves, the Chamber of Mines of Johannesburg, which does limit output. Is that really so? It is a sinister policy.

I am, etc.,

J. H. HALLARD

35 Munster Square, N.W.1

### FAIR PLAY FOR BRITISH FILMS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Press has been very helpful in supporting the British Film Weeks. But of necessity it cannot speak with inside knowledge. A few facts may help the public to understand more fully the lack of fair play at home which hinders British film production and alienates capital. None of the leading film distributing firms offers exhibitors British films exclusively, even when, as in the case of Messrs. Gaumont's and Stoll's, they also produce here. In spite of Film Week, the Gaumont Company continued their weekly trade show of American products. Moreover, it is a cardinal plank in their policy that an American star artist must be included in the cast of their English productions to ensure their sale in America. The managing director, a shrewd and able man, is leader of the British Film League, the British representative of a French firm, whose dividends have first claim on him, and an employer of American star artists at enormous salaries. He must need the skill of a Blondin. Messrs. Stoll also gave a trade show of a French film, and they are at the moment employing at enormous cost a Japanese-American star artist in a film being made at Cricklewood, the earlier scenes having been filmed at Nice.

The Kinema Club was formed for screen artistes. It is now entirely controlled by producers and agents. Similarly the *Motion Picture Studio* was started in the interests and to ventilate grievances of screen artistes. Producers at the Kinema Club objected and threatened to exclude it from the Club unless its policy was altered. It is now the official organ of the Club and grievances are no longer ventilated therein unless producers and agents approve. The Film Week issue contained a long article by a German-named producer, writing of the internationalism of the film, and a full page of piffle, not even witty, by a trading agent. So it is not an unfair deduction to opine that the international distributors assumed control of the British Film League and Film Week, lest it should result in harm to their international distribution.

It is all very well to obtain Royal support, but lacking an effort on the part of distributors the Prince's noble "bit" will prove ineffective. Let distributors forget title-hunting and internationalism, that curse and ruin of British trade, and concentrate on British production by British producers, with British artists. Capital would respond. Manning Haynes has shown it can be done without American, or stars of any kind. Natural scenery, homely settings, adequate actors, not stars.

I am, etc.,

X. Q. P.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, No. 88

RT. HON. JOHN WHEATLEY, M.P.

MINISTER OF HEALTH

By 'QUIZ'

## Reviews

### LORD ROBERTS'S LETTERS

*Letters Written During the Indian Mutiny.* By Fred. Roberts. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

A VIVID account of the Indian Mutiny, as seen through the eyes of a cheerful young subaltern who was afterwards destined to acquire a great reputation, is to be read in the pages of this interesting little book. It consists of a bundle of thirty letters, lately brought to light from some dusty repository, which the future Lord Roberts wrote to his father, mother and sister at home during the exciting days of the suppression of the Mutiny. The present Countess Roberts has supplied a brief but excellent introduction, describing her father's antecedents and education, and has appended such foot-notes as are needful for the modern reader. This labour of love could not have been done better. It will be news to many readers to learn that Lord Roberts lost the sight of one eye in his boyhood, through an attack of brain-fever, and it is a good thing for the Empire that this physical disability was regarded leniently by the medical examiners of the East India Company's army, which young Roberts joined with an Artillery commission in 1852. His great organizing ability, combined with engaging and tactful manners, and backed by a certain amount of family influence, soon won him a position on the staff, and he was selected as Quartermaster-General—then responsible for operations and intelligence—of the movable column under Sir Neville Chamberlain, which was the immediate contribution of the faithful Punjab towards suppressing the revolt of the Bengal Sepoys. Roberts's letters, rapidly and brightly written, describe the actions of this column, the siege and capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, covering in all just under an eventful year, during which he was seven times mentioned in dispatches, won the coveted Victoria Cross, and laid the foundation of his great and enduring fame.

It is very interesting to compare these hasty and thoroughly boyish letters with Lord Roberts's later and more considered judgment upon the campaign of the Mutiny. Sometimes a deeper acquaintance with warfare caused him to change his opinions, and sometimes of course he gives information which afterwards turned out to be imperfect. But the chief value of the book lies in its picture of the actual fighting as it was seen by this promising subaltern. It is amusing to notice the extreme and youthful candour with which he writes home about his superior officers—there was no censorship of letters in those easy-going days. He did not think much of his Divisional-Commander at Peshawur, who had, however, one good quality, that of listening to reason as expressed by even a junior staff officer—"which is better than being obstinate, when ability is not combined." Later, "we are commanded by a muf of a fellow named Greathed, who knows nothing." "We have a most dilatory undecided Commander-in-Chief." For Chamberlain, Nicholson, Colin Campbell and the real heroes of the Mutiny young Roberts had a thorough-going admiration, but it is a little surprising to read his opinion that Outram was "no soldier," and that the "whole business from Cawnpore to Lucknow, for which he and poor Have-lock got so much praise, was simply disgraceful." This hasty judgment, as Lady Roberts points out, was one of those that Roberts revised in later years from "a fuller knowledge of the difficulties." But it is interesting as a typical example of the way in which the best contemporary criticism of one soldier by another is apt to be misled. The "imbecile Government" comes in for many pointed remarks. "You would not believe men and Englishmen could ever have been guilty of such imbecility as has almost invariably been displayed during this crisis; some few have shone, but they are exceptions." The older

provinces had been ruled over by "idiot after idiot"—luckily the Punjab was an exception. Even there the senior officers were often useless. "Some of our older officers are perfect children—quite unable to take care of themselves." "It is too disgusting to see the insane things officers do—enough to ruin any army." There are some very picturesque pieces of description—notably those of the terrible scenes which followed the storming of the Sekunderbagh, and the temporary chaos which succeeded the storm of Delhi. We are grateful to Lady Roberts for letting us gaze through this brilliant little peep-hole into an almost forgotten campaign.

### ANATOLIAN STUDIES

*Anatolian Studies.* Edited by W. H. Buckler and W. M. Calder. Longmans. 35s. net.

THIS handsome volume is what the Germans call a *Festschrift*, a literary type less common in this country than it used to be on the Continent. It contains a number of essays presented to Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, the most venerable of our Near Eastern archaeologists, as a testimony to the honour in which he is deservedly held throughout the commonwealth of learning. Besides this country, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia and the United States are all represented in the table of contents by the names of zealous fellow-workers in the field which Sir William Ramsay has done so much to illuminate. Their common term, apart from the purpose of the volume, is hardly more than a geographical one. They all deal with some question in the archaeology of Asia Minor, and many of them throw useful light on some disputed question therein. Students of Homer, for instance, will be grateful for the admirable little paper in which Dr. Leaf has cleared up the difficulties as to the site of Skepsis in the Troad, a town which tradition held to have been founded by the sons of Hector and Æneas after the fall of Troy, and which Dr. Leaf satisfactorily situates on the conical hill known as the Kurshunlu Tepe, in the middle valley of the Scamander. He shows that this site fulfils all the known conditions, provided that we read 260 instead of 60 stadia in the passage of Strabo which fixes its distance from Old Skepsis—an easy and probable emendation. The position thus found is "the dominating point of the central Troad," and helps to explain the name. Admirers of the chivalrous Sarpedon will also take pleasure in Mr. W. Arkwright's essay on Lycian epitaphs, but will regret to learn that we are still unable to read the Lycian language with any certainty, in spite of the existence of at least five bilingual inscriptions; as Mr. Arkwright regretfully admits, the rendering of the longer epitaphs is "for the most part pure conjecture." Mr. Arkwright, however, has made the most of his brief texts, and throws quite a flood of light on early Lycian custom as to the ownership and opening of tombs. It would be too much to hope that we should learn anything definite about the burial-party of which Death and his twin brother Sleep took charge on that famous occasion.

Mr. W. H. Buckler contributes an entertaining paper on labour disputes in the Roman Province of Asia, showing that strikes were just as frequent and as bothersome then as they are here to-day. He gives some very interesting translations from inscriptions relating to a strike of bakers at Ephesus about the end of the second century and to three disputes in the building trade from the second to the fifth centuries. It is amusing to learn that the artisans of Thyatira erected a monument to the manager of their local Labour Exchange, and that the people of Paros inscribed a decree still extant, praising a similar official because "in respect to those who work for wages and those who hire them he saw to it that neither should be treated unjustly; according to the laws he compelled the former not to break their agreements but



to go to their work, and the latter to pay the workers their wages without litigation." Mr. Arkwright aptly suggests that the reason why so few documents of this nature have come down to us may be that "in those times, when as a rule only things of good report were commemorated in stone, labour disputes were regarded as discreditable." We cannot even name the other articles in this very learned and helpful volume, but we must note the stupendous amount of meritorious and, we may say, epoch-making labour indicated in the bibliography of Sir William Ramsay's own work, which occupies twenty-eight pages in the place of honour, and has been compiled as an exact labour of love by Miss A. Margaret Ramsay, whose own excellent contribution on 'The Screen in Isaurian Monuments' shows that at least a portion of the paternal mantle has fallen on her. There is an excellent portrait of Sir William Ramsay, and a number of admirably reproduced photographs of inscriptions and statues. The get-up of this handsome volume is highly creditable to the Manchester University Press, of which it is the 160th publication.

### WILD THEORIZING

*The Five Authors of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets.'*  
By H. T. S. Forrest. Chapman and Dodd.  
30s. net.

THE 'Sonnets of Shakespeare' have long been the hunting-ground of the crank and the wild conjecturer. Mr. Forrest discovers in them the rival efforts of Shakespeare and four other poets, called the Minor Poet, the Lawyer, the Concettist or Humorist, and the Newcomer, and identified as Barnes, Warner, Donne and Daniel. In Sonnet 121 the Patron replies to the lot of them, and fourteen occasional sonnets are left out in the cold as of no particular moment in the jigsaw puzzle. Mr. Forrest has the conceit to tell us at length all about the genesis of his theory. It started when he read the sonnets through from beginning to end for the first time, and he appears to think this for the vast majority of readers a novel procedure. If he had a larger and closer acquaintance with them and the text of the plays, he would not be so ready to decide that this and that is not Shakespeare at his best, and so cannot be from his hand. As it is, he ascribes to others supreme things like

the wreckful siege of battering days

and

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

No author, however great, remains always at his best, and Shakespeare was capable of writing, or, at any rate, allowing the world to credit him with, lines which in another would be called bombast, obscurity or doggerel. Matthew Arnold had the courage to say this some time since in his 'Mixed Essays.' All the modern study of Shakespeare tends to show that he was extremely careless as a writer, though supreme in inspiration when he chose. The sonnets are not peculiar in their somewhat pedantic use of law-terms, for these occur also in the plays. The recurrence of a particular thought and phrase over long periods of Shakespeare's writing is also well known to students. We see no adequate grounds to support "the theory," as its proud author calls it, and the identification of the other hands is feeble. We have to suppose wholesale cribbing, by them from Shakespeare's plays, or by him from them.

The book is full of tedious detail, and includes an appalling display of numerals. Page 189 looks like a mathematician run mad in a wilderness of formulæ. It is odd that in an age so eager for literary intercourse no hint should remain of the "Competitive Sonnetteering" which Mr. Forrest chooses to invent, especially as the sonnets reached the hands of "private friends." Could a pirate publisher hope in these circumstances to foist on the public as Shakespeare's a series of which he wrote less than a fourth? In the enigmatic dedica-

tion of the sonnets Mr. Forrest makes William Hall out of "W.H.," and suggests that the space between these capitals and the next word "all" is bigger than usual because the joke "(h)all" is intended. He does not seem to know much of the difficulties and vagaries of printing. He admits that he is inexpert in Elizabethan literature; yet he is quite certain that his theory will prove to be right. Happy man! But what a figure all the scholars who have read and studied the sonnets for thirty years or so will cut when the secret is settled as sound gospel! How can he declare that "practically every one of the hundred and forty serial sonnets can be assigned to its proper series at sight," in view of his own struggles to make his arrangement? As for his own æsthetic judgments, he says in a rare moment of modesty on p. 184, "I have not the slightest claim to pose as an authority in such matters." But theories make sudden authorities.

### THE AMATEUR CRITIC

*Art and Man: Essays and Fragments.* By C. Anstruther-Thomson. With an Introduction by Vernon Lee. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d. net.

MISS ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON died in 1921, and this book is a tribute and a memorial set up by her intimate friend. More than twenty-five years ago she had collaborated with the greatly gifted lady who chooses to be known as Vernon Lee, in a volume of studies in psychological æsthetics published as 'Beauty and Ugliness,' and now her fellow worker has gathered together a number of essays, more or less finished, with notes and scraps of lectures, following for the most part a similar line of thought, and issued them with a long and intimate introduction of more than a hundred pages. The theory of art implicit in all her writing involves a very real participation by the spectator in the artist's act of creation. Criticism of this type is of necessity intensely subjective, and though our emotions may be the best guides we have, they need checking. The eye and the mind, however well disciplined, are sometimes at the mercy of a moment's mood, and most people react very differently to a work of art seen for the first time if even so humble a function as the digestion is in good or bad order. Miss Anstruther-Thomson was an amateur in the best sense of the word. It is clear enough that she loved and was absorbed by the art which she studied and practised. But she had the amateur's limitations, and a certain amount of what is here published will scarcely bear the test of a severer if less sympathetic type of criticism.

To take a concrete instance, she was rightly enthusiastic about the beauty of an elaborately framed stucco relief of the Madonna at South Kensington, there ascribed to Francesco di Simone Ferrucci, a minor but far from incompetent sculptor of the Florentine quattrocento; and that beauty persuaded her that it was the work of Desiderio da Settignano, whom she had studied intently and to some purpose. She contrasted it with a closely similar marble relief in the town hall of Solarolo (a village between Bologna and Ravenna), which she disliked very much. In the marble, according to her, there is no balance, no action; it is a wretched copy; the mother and the child "both look faintly, very faintly, like pigs"; while the stucco is full of delicacy and fire. Now it is quite true that the stucco, with its soft surface and colour, is much more agreeable to the eye than the marble, which is polished rather more than one likes, picked out with a finicky pattern in violet paint, and set very high up in the wall of an unattractive room. Still, the stucco is, in fact, a cast from the marble, identical with it in every respect except for the removal of a garland behind the Virgin's head, the traces of which can still be seen if they are looked for attentively.

There is no difference whatever in the poise, the balance, the action, the expression of the two faces (except in so far as the stucco is slightly worn). The difference was in the writer's mood, and if Desiderio is to be credited with the stucco at the Victoria and Albert Museum, he must have made the marble at Sola'olo as well; which he obviously did not.

But the essay on Desiderio's incomparably lovely tomb in Santa Croce, to which this particular note serves as an appendix, is one of the best things in the book, full of sensitive and acute appreciation, and worthy of the splendid and short-lived artist—the Keats of Italian Renaissance sculpture—with whom it is concerned. And the book, as a whole, is well worth reading, even if it provokes its fair share of marginal dissent; much better worth reading than some others whose writers, if they know more, have felt less.

#### AN OBSTINATE MONARCH

*George III and the American Revolution.* By Frank A. Mumby. Constable. 21s. net.

IN these days, when there are many signs of a reaction in Europe against parliamentary government, this book may well serve as a warning against the graver dangers of personal rule. The story is well known. Sir George Trevelyan has told it delightfully in connexion with his hero, Charles Fox. But Mr. Mumby has chosen another method—that of “allowing the leading actors in the drama to state their case as far as possible in their own words.” The result makes good reading, as we are able to follow the story in letters from Chesterfield, Burke, Junius, Horace Walpole and other good writers. It is also impartial, as we are supplied with correspondence from the American leaders as well. The danger of writing history by this method is that it may become intolerably long. Mr. Mumby has been able to avoid it by the art of judicious selection and the fortunate circumstance that in the eighteenth century people wrote and spoke with precision and neatness.

In his preface Mr. Mumby quotes Professor Schlesinger as stating that the average American still condemns “as unpatriotic any effort to consider the origins of the War of Independence from a standpoint of scientific historical detachment.” If this be true Mr. Mumby's book should do much to remove this prejudice from American minds. In England the whole subject has long been considered with the same detachment as the rivalries of York and Lancaster, or the Crusades. In the last hundred years the British Empire has expanded in so many and such unexpected directions, that there is no room left for regret that the United States no longer finds a place in that “comity of nations.” In reading this moving story of obstinacy and folly, of wisdom, eloquence and courage, we are again reminded that nothing in history is inevitable. A little less independence on the part of the Colonists, a little less obstinacy on the part of the Crown, a little more unity in the Whig Party, somewhat better health for Chatham, and everything would have been different. Whether it would have been better is another and more doubtful question. But we are quite certain that Mr. Mumby has produced an interesting and valuable book.

#### LOCH FISHING

*Loch-fishing in Theory and Practice.* By R. C. Bridgett. Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. BRIDGETT'S books are full of the knowledge of experience, tested in that hardest of schools the much-fished waters of Southern Scotland. He can not only fish, but he can write, clearly and pleasantly, on the practical side of his art, and with no little charm, when he takes his reader with him to the many and various lochs and rivers where his fortunate days of leisure are spent. This book, however, deals entirely

with lochs. The first half of it is concerned with the practice and ethics of loch-fishing generally, and the second with particular experiences on Lochs Katrine, Tay, Awe and many others less known to fame.

Dr. Bridgett, who has closely studied many lochs, sets himself to show how little attention the average fisherman, who would take trouble about a river, thinks it necessary to bestow on a lake. Beyond getting the flies locally approved of, and fishing the drift before the wind from the comfortable vantage point of the end of a boat rowed by a gillie, there seems nothing more to be done even to the accomplished river fisherman. He may have theories about working or drawing his flies, but feels very uncertain about them. Wading a loch adapted to it, from the shore, is a different business, for obvious reasons, but the author deals wholly with boat fishing, as far the most usual method. One of these pre-eminent loch fishermen, who was proving his superiority on a Midland reservoir to the local professors on a dour day, attributed his special gift to an abnormal capacity for seeing under water. This was consoling to his confidant, the present writer, who was sharing his boat. Dr. Bridgett himself seems to possess something of the kind. But he lays great stress on attracting the fish that are watching the “nymphs” coming up to the surface, and may be feeding actively just below it, while no rising fish are discernible, though flies are on the water. He also deals with the sort of flies to use under these conditions, and the method of working them under water. The loch trout, unlike his relative of the stream, is a rapid and wide rambler. The latter takes up a stationary position and remains there, more or less, as every trout fisherman knows. But the river angler is apt to forget that a rise in a lake must be cast over instantly or the fish is yards away. The varied bottoms of lochs, too, get the intelligent treatment from the author one would expect. In short, he has studied angling as keenly as he has practised it, and well deserves the large measure of fortune he has met with, though he relates his mishaps, too, which are sometimes quite as exciting and equally instructive. The book contains several coloured plates of the flies proven by the author's experiences, and over a dozen photogravures of rippling lakes and shadowy mountains most charmingly reproduced.

#### A FAMOUS SCHOOL

*Westminster School: Its Buildings and their Associations.* By Lawrence E. Tanner. 7s. 6d. net.

WESTMINSTER for most people means the embarrassed and transient exponents of our Government. For others it has, perhaps, happier associations; it means the historic school hidden away behind the Abbey, buildings full of charming bits of architecture, though it is not long, if we remember right, since the school, on a question of rating, had to go to the House of Lords to establish the fact that none of it was a coach-house, brew-house, or anything of that sort. Mr. Sargeant, for many years an accomplished classic and master at Westminster, wrote the annals of the place. But there is room for this short book, as discoveries have been made of recent years, and traditions verified. Mr. Tanner treats the buildings in detail, and relies largely on unprinted sources. Thus the story that the playground of Vincent Square was in 1810 marked out with a plough has been doubted, but is here given from the Chapter-Book. Ashburnham House, with its beautiful and ingenious staircase, and the great hall with its records of persistent families on the walls, are sufficient to show the charm and pride of Westminster. It passed, like other historic places, through a time when architecture did not coincide with good taste; but it now preserves well the balance between reverence for the past and the claims of modern convenience.



Here in the heart of London is still the setting for Milton's 'Il Penseroso.' Westminster is so deep in tradition that it cannot bear, like Charterhouse, to be rusticated. The Abbey has served for centuries as its chapel, and old days when the school was shabbily treated by Deans and Prebendaries as "somewhat of a nuisance" can now be forgotten. Westminster boys have left many examples of the art of carving initials about the school. Punishment for this practice seems a little arbitrary. Nobody knows whether a schoolboy is going to be famous or not; and if he becomes glorious John Dryden, his effort is cherished as a memorial. Izaak Walton, when over sixty, is supposed to have cut the "I.W." now visible on the tomb of Isaac Casaubon in the Abbey. We have never believed this, and think it much more likely that the initials are those of some unknown Westminster boy. Familiarity breeds indifference to sacred associations. Indeed, we heard of a boy a generation ago dodging the custodians and hiding for a wager twelve biscuits among the monuments!

The illustrations are good, but instead of the frontispiece, taken, we presume, in the up-to-date style from the air, we should prefer a detailed map.

#### A BYRON MEDLEY

*Byron the Poet.* Edited by Walter A. Briscoe. Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.

THE motive of this "centenary volume" is more respectable than the execution. The proceeds of the sale are to form a contribution towards a Byron Memorial in connexion with the Nottingham Public Libraries. It is always gratifying to find any exception to the rule that a prophet hath no honour in his own country, and the first section of this volume chiefly consists of lectures and addresses delivered at Nottingham in connexion with Byron's brief and ill-starred residence at Newstead Abbey. It is pleasant to know that the people of Nottingham are still proud of their famous neighbour, even to the extent of having once established a "Byron Night," on which occasion Alderman Huntsman delivered an address which is one of the pleasantest expressions of enthusiasm in this volume, though it does in parts recall a famous parallel in the Newcome Athenæum. We wish that the anonymous compiler of the article on 'The Byron Mystery' had copied Alderman Huntsman's manly reticence in simply saying: "Byron loved his sister. That we will pass." Among other lecturers whose addresses are reprinted or summarized are Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Professor Grierson, Professor Macneile Dixon and Miss Marie Corelli. "Why that?" as Gideon Forsyth asks in 'The Wrong Box'; "it seems entirely irresponsible." Lord Haldane contributes a trivial page on Byron and Goethe, which is hardly worthy of its author's reputation. The rest of the book is chiefly composed of gushing newspaper articles, of which the only one that seems to us worth reprinting is Mr. Whitten's really interesting paper on the demolition of Byron's house in St. James's Street, with the extract from Messrs. Berry's periodical records of the fluctuation of the poet's weight over a period of five years, from 13 st. 12 lb. in 1806 to 9 st. 11½ lb. in 1811.

We have received from Messrs. Dean a copy of *Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench* for 1924, price 20s. net. This invaluable work of reference constitutes a full Parliamentary guide with biographies of members, an abridged Peerage, glossary of Parliamentary expressions, etc. The results of the last General Election have been revised and brought completely up-to-date. An interesting point, which a perusal of the list of M.P.'s emphasizes, is the wisdom of that regulation whereby members are addressed during debate—not by their names but by their constituencies. For example, there are no less than eight Davieses in the present Parliament, also eight Williamsses, seven Joneses, four Wilsons and Woods, and so on.

## Messrs. Longmans' List.

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## 'Saturday Review' Competitions

MAR. 1, 1924

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## New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

*Marmaduke.* By Allan Monkhouse. Cape. 6s. net.*Old Sins have Long Shadows.* By Mrs. Victor Rickard. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.*The Counterplot.* By Hope Mirrlees. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. MONKHOUSE has been publishing novels of subtlety and distinction for about a quarter of a century: Mrs. Rickard scored a great success, some four or five years ago, with 'Cathy Rossiter,' and, though nothing else of hers that I have read is anything like so good as that, she has a position of security as a recognized and established writer: Miss Mirrlees has apparently published one book before, but I confess I had neither read it nor heard of it, so that I was able to take up 'The Counterplot' as a "first novel." And, putting the three together, I came to consider how much of judgment is preconception; how hard it is to estimate anything in isolation from relevancies that shade off in every direction imperceptibly to irrelevancies; how impossible are sharpness, clearness, certainty; how humble, in short, it becomes the critic to be. And yet if he is too humble he must go out of business.

The atmosphere of uncertainties is anyway an excellent one in which to read, or write about, Mr. Monkhouse. His work is not a protest against gross convention, but that is only because it is not the function of art to be a protest at all; his point of view is sceptical with the implacable scepticism of the thwarted idealist. He *will not*, because he *cannot*, see things in the easy way. But although he does no reverence to the idols of the market-place, he does not go out against them with a hammer. It is interesting to compare his method with that of your militant iconoclast. When Oscar Wilde said: "Nothing succeeds like excess," it sounded for the moment as if he were throwing off the sort of paronomasia that any of us might perpetrate before breakfast; but really he was voicing that perpetual challenge which led Lamb, in his gentler but more efficient way, to denounce the "vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism" that enough is as good as a feast. When Mr. Bernard Shaw said: "Never resist temptation," he obviously did not mean it, but he meant something startling and protestant which could have been said in no other way. Mr. Monkhouse abstains from such direct assault. His Marmaduke is a forger. Very well, he is a forger. We are not asked to believe that there is anything to be said for forgery, though Marmaduke himself (in the story to which this new one is a sequel) found plenty to say in extenuation of it as compared with the more respectable vices. He is not only a forger, but a gaol-bird: he has paid the social penalty of his offence against society, and here he is back in the bosom of his family, with his wife, his children, his father-in-law, his brother-in-law. Are the neighbours self-righteously abhorrent? They are not. They are—with one or two exceptions—simply a little tactless in their desire to be decent. Is Marmaduke a splendid sinner, a Byronic Corsair, a triumph over chains? By no means. He is a restless, depressed, futile, bad-tempered, difficult, inconsequent, witty, amiable, impossible little man, who makes by starts the most pathetic attempts to re-establish himself in a world which he cannot understand, and is generally prepared to defend his failure by an aphorism. And gradually he becomes the light of life, the core of human warmth, to his father-in-law, the teller and true hero of the tale. In 'My Daughter Helen,' we had the pleasant spectacle of a parent getting on in years, and jealously devoted to his grown-up daughter, without

any of the Viennese fudge about Oedipus: in this sequel we see the daughter so self-sufficing as to thwart her father's hunger for an intimate relationship: there is, as it were, a vacant place in his heart, and the deplorable Marmaduke sidles in. The climax is dramatic, is moving; and the effect is achieved by quiet acceptance. Moral instability remains moral instability, but it is called in from the dark and given its place by the fireside and at the children's breakfast-table. After all, that is where we find it in life.

When one sees the word *sin* on a title-page, one knows what to expect—and it isn't forgery. Mrs. Rickard's title, coupled with her previous achievement, led me to hope that she might be going to give us an embodiment in fiction of a grand idea—Meredith's

And if I drink oblivion of a day,  
So shorten I the stature of my soul.

But she has been content with a plot in which the lack of marriage-lines involves a blackmailing solicitor and trouble over the family of the supposititious husband. Even so, the treatment is not conventional: conventional treatment of such a plot means applying the intelligence of the seventh standard to the implications of the seventh commandment: for novelists, it is hard to tell why, usually deal with their defenceless creatures by an unimaginative rule of cause-and-consequence which they would never dream of accepting in life. Mrs. Rickard, it goes without saying, is far too good for that; she has understanding, a sense of human values, and a style. But this is one of her less important works.

As for Miss Mirrlees, I have nothing to judge her by, as I have confessed, but the book before me; and I have read it with ever-growing wonder. It is a mixture of startling beauty and unbelievable ineptitude. It is full of strange scenes and rhythms, it has learning, passion, wit: it has also that stupid vulgarity without which a book can nowadays scarcely hope to be accounted clever. A comparison with Mr. Aldous Huxley is inevitable, but I do not think Miss Mirrlees is at all an imitator. She has much less poetry, less exaltation, than Mr. Huxley: on the other hand she is more easily and confidently what is called "out-spoken." Some of her false steps, however, are staggering. Could anything be more pompous, more strained and pretentious and silly, than the last sentence of this?—

He was nothing to his children—*nothing*.

Just for a second he got a whiff of the sweet, nauseating, vertiginous, emotion he had experienced at the birth of each of them in turn—an emotion rather like the combined odours of *eau de Cologne* and chloroform; an emotion which, like all the most poignant ones, had a strong flavouring of sadism; for it sprang from the strange fierce pleasure of knowing that the body he loved was being tortured to bear his children.

Against that and other things like it, one could furnish from these pages any amount of brilliance and charm. There is profundity too in such passages as this—even without their context, for the nature of the context can be imagined:

Here Jollypot, who had been sitting in a corner with her crochet, a silent listener, got up, very white and wide-eyed, and left the room.

Teresa's heart contracted. They were ruthless creatures, that English fire-lit band—tearing up Innocence, while its roots shrieked like those of a mandrake.

'The Counterplot' is the sort of novel which leads one on to quote, and discuss, and devise verbal games: in that way, it is unfair to itself: for its central idea is original and commanding. There are two girls, offspring of a mixed marriage—Spanish-English: one marries: the other cannot, because of the intervening claims of religion, have the man she desires, and turns her torment into a play. The play is given. It is a dull affair in itself, all about seduction; but as a revelation of the girl's mind it is perfect. Miss Mirrlees, in short, has written a book which no one who takes the English novel seriously can afford to miss; and, if she can develop a critical sense, she may do great things, for she has great gifts.



## Round the Library Table

A MISCELLANY

I HAVE been looking through the pages of a new book in the Bookman's Library, 'Walter De la Mare,' by R. L. Mégroz (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net). It is a biographical and critical study, written with the enthusiasm for its subject which is the best warrant for authorship, and with a vocabulary which contains all the latest catchwords of popular psychology. As to the key of the criticism, I can only say that while Mr. De la Mare is a true poet, to put him in comparison as an equal with Shelley and Keats among others, is to make him and the author ridiculous. Still the book is well worth reading and the biography is trustworthy. But I have my doubts as to the propriety of writing critical studies of men who are still in the full tide of production. I see that Mr. De la Mare has reached the age of fifty, and I am reminded of a conversation with an eminent Victorian poet who said: "No one ought to write poetry after fifty." I had asked him why he had never touched Tristan as a subject, to which he replied that it had already been done, though he admitted not in any way he cared for.

\* \* \*

Tristan and Lancelot are often classed together as Celtic heroes of romance, but it has always seemed to me that there is an enormous difference between them. Tristan is the earlier, a true Celt—if one may still use the term—and to vary the late Mr. Sam Lewis, "You can have Tristan." He is in fact a very poor sort of hero, and a very poor sort of lover in the original stories, in comparison with Iseult. I am sure that Walter Map (or some other gentleman of the same name) said to himself that he would make a story about a lover who was a man, and in Lancelot he gave us the ideal English lover who has coloured consciously or otherwise all our story-writers since his time—faithful, manly, bold, modest, religious, a model of chivalrous service to his lady, his king, and his God.

\* \* \*

We seem to have got some way from Mr. De la Mare, and the poetry of dreams. He is never likely to take up such subjects, yet in many respects, as Mr. Mégroz points out, he is a direct outcome of the Pre-Raphaelite school. Another and very different outcome is shown us in a memoir just published of 'A Daughter of Coventry Patmore—Sister Mary Christina' (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net). As is well known, Coventry Patmore became a Romanist at the time of his second marriage, taking his children with him, and his daughter Emily subsequently became a nun and died at an early age. Her memoir is intended for spiritual edification, and I should not touch on it in these columns if it were not for the somewhat close analogy between this child and young woman and Christina Rossetti. Her verse, of which many specimens are given, breathes almost the same sentiments of religious feeling as Christina's, though she never reaches such intensity of expression, nor strikes so full a gamut of feeling. The book is well illustrated and throws a little additional light on Coventry Patmore himself. It almost seems a pity that the good old days are gone when a kind patron could get an assistantship in the British Museum for any deserving young man in need of a living. I believe Mr. Cyril Davenport was the last man to become an assistant without examination.

Messrs. Blackie have just published two volumes of their 'Standard English Classics,' a well-printed and cheap series, costing 2s. each. Prof. Findlay edits 'A Selection from the Discourses . . . by Sir Joshua Reynolds,' and Mr. E. K. Chambers 'English Pastorals.' Prof. Findlay treats his subject not as directly concerned with painting, and accordingly omits a few of the more technical discourses: he treats it rather as one of the classics of educational thought—it is a master of his craft who understands the necessary development of a student of that craft, the steps by which the beginner acquires mastery and skill. To this is added an excellent analytical index. Mr. Chambers's selection, ranging from Henryson in the fifteenth century to John Clare in the nineteenth, was originally published, I think, in 1895, and his introduction was his first important work, giving promise amply fulfilled by 'The Medieval Stage' and later works.

\* \* \*

The Carnegie Trustees have published 'A Report on the Public Library System of Great Britain and Ireland (1921-1923),' which is full of valuable facts and figures. It is only a supplement to a larger report prepared in 1915 by Professor Adams, but it raises a number of debatable points. One of them is the proportionate amount of money spent by small libraries on newspapers as compared with books. Out of 453 libraries making returns, 164 spent more on newspapers and periodicals than on books, while there were 293 spending more than a third of the money available on them. The proportion is the same in the four countries. The waste of money is not the only evil, as a newspaper room takes up so much room in the library as to have a first claim in any building scheme. Another interesting development is the encouragement by the Trust of Rural Libraries, supplied from a Central County Library with fifty books at a time, their distribution being in the hands of voluntary workers. The movement is still in its infancy, but is growing.

\* \* \*

I am reminded this week of a little mystification which happened many years ago. George Wyndham had published an edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets (in 1898, I think), and Max Beerbohm, in the hope of drawing him, wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, inventing an imaginary book, Hort's 'Complete Booke of Antient Heraldrie and the Devices' (1653), to explain the line:

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth.

The flourish was an ornament of the escutcheon, crossed by a line when the holder was convicted of any misdemeanour, when the flourish became a "flourish transfix." Max did not draw George Wyndham, who had probably heard of a recent and not very trustworthy account of some ceremonies supposed to take place at Magdalen, which had given great annoyance to the authorities of that college, but he did draw Mr. Thomas Tyler, who had also edited the Sonnets, and Dr. Furnivall. A consultation of 'The Works of Max Beerbohm' threw no light on the mysterious Hort, and Mr. Tyler wrote a bitter letter to the *P.M.G.*, which was followed by one from Max owning that his theory "was but an essay in fantastic erudition," and pointing out that as "the true scholar loves research for its own sake," he had not really wasted anyone's time. "The exhilaration is in the chase itself, rather than in the 'kill.'" LIBRARIAN

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## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm on the list printed on February 16.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 104.

HAIL, LAND OF FREEDOM, GIRT WITH HILLS OF SNOW!  
HAIL, THOU WHOSE BOLT LAID THE OPPRESSOR LOW!

1. Shrieked, as the pilgrim left his native land.
2. Of all the cervine race I tallest stand.
3. Hostile it is and ever will remain.
4. Though hard 'tis sweetened when its end is gain.
5. "Not one, but all mankind's epitome."
6. A famous pasture of the honey-bee.
7. The best all gone, there's nought but this remains.
8. A useful remedy for burns and sprains.
9. Bursts into blossom soon as spring returns.
10. Wise in his own conceit, reproof he spurns.
11. Here might the fairies dance, 'mongst flowers and ferns.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 102.

PRINCE OF BIOGRAPHERS OUR FIRST IS RECKONED;  
THE PATRIOT CORSICAN IS PILLAR SECOND.

1. Two-thirds of Alfred—not the Great, the Clever.
2. Approaching nearer, but converging never.
3. Extinct huge clumsy vegetarian brute,
4. Which, by good luck, this adjective will suit.
5. Sir, was not this the order of the day
6. When here we met our foe in war's array?
7. Hail! bird of Wisdom's Goddess, foe to mice;
8. Your swift descent will catch one in a trice.
9. Halve what we do in water, still or flowing.
10. A prickly plant on sandy beaches growing.
11. Handle with care, or you may get a shock.
12. It won't be lawful if its tail we dock.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 102.

J	in	Gle	1	"A line which approaches nearer and
A	symptot	E <sup>1</sup>		nearer to some curve, but though in-
M	ylodo	N <sup>2</sup>		finitely extended would never meet it.
E	dentat	E		This may be conceived as a tangent to a
S	laughte	R		curve at an infinite distance."
B	alaklav	A <sup>3</sup>		An extinct <i>edentate</i> animal allied to the
O	w	L		megatherium. It was a clumsy animal as
S	woo	P		large as a hippopotamus.
W		Ash		October 26, 1854.
E	ryng	O <sup>4</sup>		The sea holly.
L	eyden-phia	L <sup>5</sup>		Also called <i>Leyden-jar</i> .
L	ic	It		

ACROSTIC No. 102.—The winner is Mr. A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, East Sussex Club, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who has selected as his prize 'The Journal of Marie Lenérú,' translated by W. A. Bradley, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on February 16. Eleven other competitors chose this book, twenty-nine named 'Esquemeling,' fifteen 'A Palestine Notebook,' seven 'Contemporary British Philosophy,' etc., etc.

ONE LIGHT WRONG:—Lenno, Martha, and J. Chambers.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG:—F. I. Morcom, Sisyphus, Old Mancunian, C. E. C., Carlton, C. E. P., Beehive, R. C. Hart-Davis, and Diamond. All others more.

Obviously a difficult acrostic. Lights 3, 4, and 11 proved troublesome to most of our solvers. For Light 6 Barrosa is accepted. I know of no reason for applying the epithet *clumsy* to the Mastodon. As regards Light 9, we all Wash, but few of us Wade.

MADGE.—An *epithet* is an *adjective*. It is used improperly, Johnson says, for *phrase*, *expression*.

J. LENNIE.—The verse quoted states plainly that Ner was Saul's uncle, and the next verse adds that Ner was the son of Abiel. From 1 Sam. ix. 1 we find that Kish was also a son of Abiel. See also note in Revised Version on 1 Sam. xiv. 61.

JOP.—Correction received too late.

GAY.—Sorry to say that your solution to No. 100 failed to reach us.

ACROSTIC No. 101.—One Light Wrong: C. Warden, M. McFarlane, Leslie Phillips, Malvolio, Mrs. Brooke, Albert E. K. Wherry, S. J. D., Mararet, Boskerris, Lilian, Met, A. de V. Blathwayt, W. Sydney Price, C. R. Price, Carlton, Merton, Mrs. Edward Bensly, Vic, Rev. A. Browning, Dolmar, M. Story, Glamis, Iago, Baitho, Helen Dehn, Amyand, Carricklee, Varach, Quis, May North, C. A. S., Caradoc, Kirkton, F. I. Morcom, G. F. B. de Gruchy, Raga, Brum, Joan Fearis, Beehive, Mrs. T. R. Eastwood, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Lenno, Shorne Hill, Hon. R. G. Talbot, E. Barrett, Sir Reginald A. Egerton, F. M. Petty, Doric, Farsdon, Jeff, Martha, and A. S. MacNalty, Spican, Barberry, Miss D. Knowlson, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Culley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG:—R. Ransom, A. B. Miller, Stucco, R. C. Hart-Davis, Major W. Nicholson, Twyford, Chadband, Buda, H. E. Oliver, Bor, East Sheen, Arthur Mills, Cabbage, Peter, Stellenbosch, N. O. Sellam, G. T., B. K. P., Lethendy, Plumbago, L. M. Maxwell, Nora H. Boothroyd, W. H. Fearis, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. McConnell, Frances M. Myers, Lionel Cresswell, Vixen, E. P. Kingdon, Captain A. G. P. Hardwick, K. Jones, Rho Kappa, Gay, Diamond, Hanworth, Jop, R. H. Keate, D. L., M. B. Hughes, Monks Hill, and Mrs. Yarrow. All others more.



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## Company Meeting

**BOVRIL, LTD.****BOVRIL HELPS HOSPITALS TO HELP THEMSELVES.**

Presiding at the Twenty-Seventh Annual General Meeting of Bovril, Ltd., Sir George Lawson Johnston (Chairman) congratulated the shareholders on having had a successful year.

He mentioned last year that there was no "sinking feeling" about the exports of Bovril. Every year since the war had shown an increase upon its predecessor, and again for 1923 he could say that their overseas shipments of Bovril had exceeded those of 1922 by over 20 per cent., whilst the period from January 1 to February 16 of this year showed a good increase on the whole two months of January and February, 1923.

He should perhaps also mention that the home sales of Bovril in the current year show a marked advance on those for January and February of last year. The importance of all this extra trade is that it is from the last half million or so of sales that the increased ratio of profit is made, the main sales having covered the overhead charges. Those who have not studied the subject carefully have sometimes suggested that the public have to pay for the advertising of an article, but far from this being the case, it is only the enormously increased sales obtained by the assistance of advertising that can ensure large scale manufacture, economy in production and rapid distribution. Bovril passes through the shops so quickly that the average period from factory right through to consumer is under six weeks; any lock up of capital is thus avoided. Without these advantages in a one-line article like this, Bovril would never have been able to maintain its famous non-profiteering record.

**£30,000 to Help the Hospitals.**

They would have noticed that the British Charities Association (an Association formed by persons specially interested in Hospitals) have been running a Bovril Poster Competition for the benefit of the Hospitals. Bovril, Ltd., made this possible by giving £30,000 for the prizes, and also expended a large sum on the advertising campaign.

Not only had they given this £30,000 to encourage contributions to hospitals, but they had advertised extensively the usefulness of hospitals and the necessity for a larger proportion of the population to do their share in subscribing, and thus keeping active and efficient that unique institution the British Voluntary Hospital system. He would not for a moment conceal the fact that all this had cost them something, but the atmosphere created by the doing of a startlingly big charitable act was a favourable one to the donor, and, if the hospitals were satisfied and the great kind-hearted element of the population of this country felt that they had done the right thing, then he thought they were reimbursed by an inestimable but very definite addition to Bovril's goodwill.

**Pre-War Prices right through the War.**

It was often said that a company had no soul. He hoped that Bovril had been able to prove that the human touch was possible in the case of a corporation. The public were very far from forgetting their non-profiteering attitude—that they stuck to their pre-war price right through the war, and were not only willing to forego excess war profits, but definitely, and on principle, spoke against them.

Their example and precept were no doubt of some value, and having been linked with the name of Bovril in the memory of millions, gave them a new post-war foundation of goodwill upon which they had built an annually increasing success.

**American Millionaires an Incentive to Work.**

He had mentioned the prize scheme with £30,000 in prizes. The effect of a big £12,000 prize was extraordinary, and yet it was not extraordinary if one considered the human element. Let them consider America, which has as many millionaires as the whole of the rest of the world put together. In America there are millions of rapid thinking and pushing business men, who work longer hours and are much keener than we are on the average. They have become habitually keen, busy and productive of the great industrial development that is going on in that prosperous country, in most cases by reason of their early business training and the hope of making a fortune. The much advertised American millionaires, who have usually been cradled in a cottage, rivet the attention of millions of young Americans at a time of life when they are forming business habits. The idea of a fortune and of business being more important and even more interesting than following football or racing form in the newspapers grips them, and eventually produces hard-working business men by the million; few reach the millionaire goal, but their intense activity creates period after period of industrial prosperity and employment for all, and in the end these aspirants after millions at any rate get their own motor-cars. He did not suggest that a business man's life of rush and worry was as pleasant as that of a comfortably off farmer with a few days' hunting thrown in, but it was only by the driving force of thousands of active business men that trade could really be got moving and unemployment eliminated.

There were probably enough people in business in this country, but a much larger percentage must get full steam on and aim at eventually getting nearer the top. Anyone who was ashamed of business should get out of it; in fact, they would never go far in anything unless they had some opinion of their occupation. Pride in one's job, whatever it is, helps towards perfection. In the village in which he, the Chairman, stayed, there is a dear old roadman who is proud of his roadwork, and attends to his duties with such care that the Chairman recently told him he had trimmed the roadside like a well-kept park drive.



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# NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

March 1924

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## The Great Delusion

By the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

## The Young Conservative

By the Rev. LESLIE H. LANG

## Christmas on the Nile

By HUGH MACNAGHTEN  
(Vice-Provost of Eton)

## Our Neglected Debt to Byron

By E. P. HEWITT, K.C.

## How we Won and Lost our Industrial Supremacy

By the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P.

## Scene from "The Way of the World"

By W. CONGREVE

## Archæology of Wig and Gown

By Lt.-Col. C. P. HAWKES, D.S.O.

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By G. H. A. WILLIS

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## Stock Market Letter

*The Stock Exchange, Thursday*

THEY say that stockbrokers have no souls above their business, but for all that, we cannot resist feeling gratified by the fact that markets in good stocks are at the present time in such a stable condition as to justify the statement that proprietors can look forward to firm prices and a steady accession of strength to their investments. This applies more particularly to the gilt-edged list, in which the stocks can be safely trusted to go better, such issues as Conversion, West Australia Fives, Southern Rhodesia Fives and the similar Trustee securities being so consistently absorbed by purchasers that it will not be long before the floating supply of stock is taken, leaving the market bare, and the road open to advanced quotations.

### HOME RAILWAY INVESTMENTS

The same consideration applies to Home Railway stocks, though here the position is, of course, very different from that prevailing in the Consol market. Investment sees  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 per cent. offered on its money by the Ordinary and Deferred stocks of the British lines. Home Railways do not evanesce in a night. Trade is on the mend. The recently-declared dividends are good, but should be improved upon; and, in spite of all the labour troubles, which invariably overhang this market like a cloud, money can be put into the stocks with a degree of safety not to be discovered in many stocks so comfortably secured as are those of our Home Railway companies.

### TRADE INFLUENCE UPON STOCKS AND SHARES

Upon several occasions during the past twelve months reference has been made here to the possibilities which face investment securities in the Stock Exchange if and when trade shall revive and industry recover to any marked extent. The view of Stock Exchange authorities has been duly chronicled, to the effect that the withdrawal of funds from stocks and shares in order that the money may be utilized in trade and industry, will probably be of a character so protracted as to affect prices scarcely at all. Trade is recovering, as everyone knows, but there is not likely to be that sudden demand for capital which would create anything in the shape of a rush to sell Stock Exchange securities. The question is one which must be in the minds of a good many thousands of people who hold Home Railway pre-Ordinary stocks, Colonial issues and British Government funds.

### THE FIDGETY AMERICAN

It is also exercising the American stockbroker and capitalist. Tons of money, as the theatre says, went across the Atlantic for investment in American securities owing to the fear of a Socialist Government at home, the money being placed in issues that can be readily realized when occasion arises for the capital to be required in connexion with reconstruction work in Europe. The Americans watch with close attention the rebuilding of the Continent, not so much in order to keep *au courant* with its political side, as with the desire to forecast what is likely to happen to American stocks and shares that will be thrown upon the New York market in order to release funds for the necessary work in the Eastern hemisphere. Much the same line of argument has been adopted in the New York Stock Exchange in regard to this consideration as that already referred to above, which is current in the London Stock Exchange. But the American investor is a fidgety fellow, and should it become apparent that large sums of money are being taken out of his stocks with a view to the capital returning to Europe, it is quite on the cards that we might see a fairly general fall in the value of American securities.

### RHODESIAN COPPER SPECULATION

It is not everybody who wants a gamble, be it never so humble, in shares that stand at 33 or thereabouts,

but the man who denies himself Rio Tintos at such a figure may yet indulge his fancy for a low-priced copper speculation. Shares, in what to us sounds the grotesquely-named Bevana M'Kubwa Copper Mining Company, are being dealt in with a good deal of animation, on the basis of 5s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for the fully-paid 5s. shares. The company owns, besides the mine itself, a number of mining claims pegged on limestone and iron deposits: various concessions:  $7\frac{1}{2}$  million tons of 3.9 per cent. proved ore, and 45,000 tons of tailings which contain copper. The property is situated in Northern Rhodesia, and the Bwana mine links up with Beira, 1,444 miles away, by rail. Plant is to be erected for the daily treatment of 1,000 tons of copper, and operations upon this scale are anticipated to begin in March next year—from which brief details it will be seen that the speculator is assured of a run for his money, and that in days to come, Bwana M'Kubwa may be a big thing.

### STOCK EXCHANGE MEMBERSHIP

This is the season of the year when fathers and guardians who contemplate a Stock Exchange career for their charges stand the best chance of getting the juniors placed into brokers' or jobbers' offices. The Stock Exchange financial year ends on March 24, and, although some firms make up their books to the end of the calendar year, the majority do so at the end of March account. At the same time, new members are admitted, new arrangements are made in regard to partnerships, new staff appointments come up for consideration. The Committee are absolute masters in their own House. They can refuse a man's application, though he may have been a member for half-a-century, and give him no explanation for their action. That they have the right to do so has been upheld in the Law Courts over and over again, and, although some members gird at the arbitrary power vested in the Committee, it is not going too far to say that most of them feel a little proud of the self-contained character of Stock Exchange government and authority.

### FINANCIAL QUALIFICATIONS

What most people do not know is the fact that a man can step in from outside, as it were, and, without any previous knowledge of the business, become a member of the House, with comparatively little formality. He must be of age, and a naturalized Englishman for a certain number of years. He must be formally recommended by three members of the Stock Exchange, who undertake certain financial responsibilities on his behalf. Provided he is able to get these sureties, he can send in an application for membership. The entrance fee is six hundred guineas. The purchase of three Stock Exchange shares, costing about £103 each, and of a Nomination which can be bought for about £50, completes the sum which he will be required to lay down as financial qualification for a member. Annual subscriptions vary between twenty guineas and a hundred guineas, according to the year of the member's entry into the Stock Exchange. The best way is for a man to spend four years as a clerk in the Stock Exchange, because thereby he not only gains very necessary experience, but can become a member on payment of an entrance fee of 300 guineas only, the provision of two sureties instead of three, and liability for a lower annual subscription.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. E. P., BLAENAVON.—There must be some misunderstanding, surely, for I certainly did not recommend dealing with the firm you mention. I cannot find any market in the shares in the Stock Exchange.

LOUD SPEAKER.—Have heard the rumour to which you refer: indeed, the recent rise in Gramophones is partly attributed to it.

ASSESSMENT.—Better abandon the shares. The company has a chance, but only a very hazardous one.

JANUS.



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